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NEW SERIES

THE
THIRD
READING
BOOK

by Eben H. Davis

PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & COMPANY

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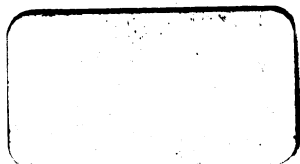


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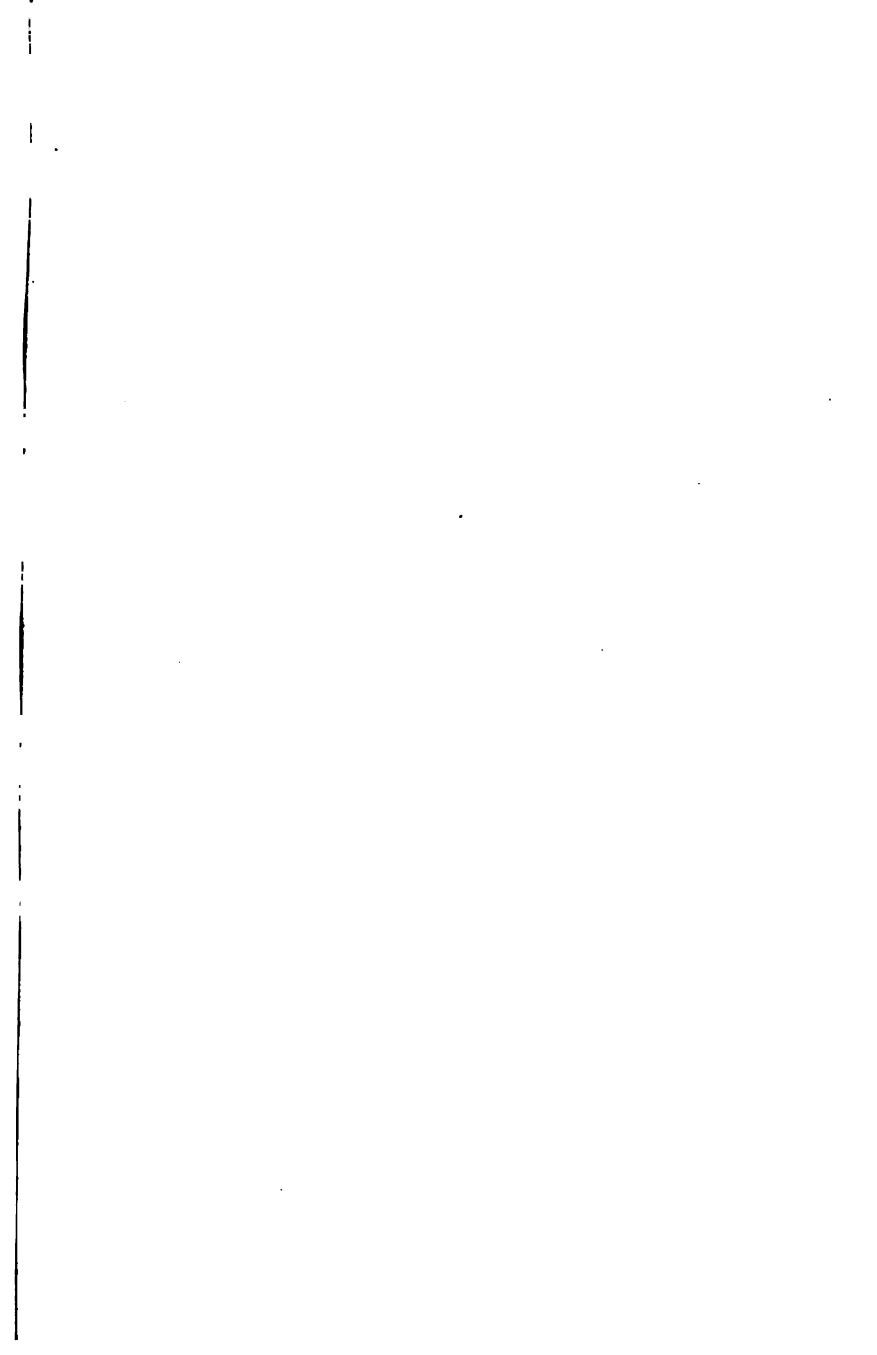
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LIPPINCOTT'S NEW SERIES.

①

THE

THIRD

READING-BOOK.

BY

HARLOW

EBEN H. DAVIS, A.M.,

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, CHELSEA, MASS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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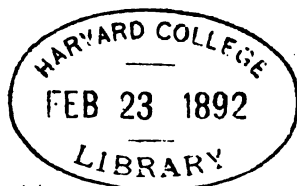
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PREFACE.

THE THIRD READING-BOOK introduces the pupil to the writings of some of the most popular authors of juvenile literature, whose names are household words. The selections are full of interest, and pure and elevating in tone and influence.

The lessons present a variety in style and sentiment, such as cannot fail to engage the earnest attention and sympathy of the pupils and influence them to better thoughts and a more exalted use of the imagination. Poetry, memory selections, and religious teaching, adapted to the cultivation of good morals and good manners, are interspersed through the book.

Special pains have been taken to give the pages of this reading-book the most attractive appearance for children. They are bereft of every encumbrance, and possess all the attractions of the best library book. The teacher who desires to see the difficult words arranged in columns will find a very full list at the end of the book.

The full-page illustrations for special Language Lessons, which are an original feature of the series, are continued in the Third Reading-Book. They were designed to afford special subjects for language work of a higher order than that of the question-and-answer style. They were drawn by Mr. E. H. Garrett, a well-known artist.

Teachers who have been in doubt as to what books to read in school, or to recommend their pupils to read, may feel confidence in encouraging a further acquaintance with the authors whose names are found on the pages of this reading-book.

The editor hereby expresses his thanks to the authors from whose writings selections have been used, and to the following publishers, who, by special arrangement, have granted permission to use copyright matter: Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Lee & Shepard, The Century Company, and Robert Carter & Bros.

Acknowledgment is likewise gratefully extended to Miss A. I. Norcross and Miss J. F. Coombs for assistance in the compilation of the book.

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THIRD READING-BOOK.

PART I.



1.—BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and
spin ?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?

I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and
high ?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white
rose ?

I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?

Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear ?

God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?

Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things ?

From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

2.—THE THREE GOLDFISHES.

A good man once had three goldfishes,
—the prettiest little fishes in the world.

He kept them in a clear pond, and took
great pleasure in them.

He often seated himself on the shore
and threw crumbs of bread into the water.
Then the pretty fishes came and enjoyed a
feast.

He kept calling to them, “Fishes, fishes,
be careful of two things, if you wish to live
always happy, as you now live.

“Do not go through the gate into the
great pond which is near this little one.
And do not swim on the surface of the
water, when I am not with you.”

But the little fishes did not understand
him.

Then thought the good man, "I will make them understand me," and placed himself near the gate.

Then, if one of them came and wished to swim through, he splashed in the water with a stick so that the fish was frightened, and swam back again.

He did the same when one of them came to the surface, so that it dived down again to the bottom.

"Now," thought he, "perhaps they understand me," and went home.

Then the three little fishes came together, shook their heads, and could not understand why the good man did not wish to have them swim on the surface, and through the gate into the great pond.

"He himself walks up there," said one: "why should we not be allowed to go up a little higher?"

"And why should we be shut in?" said the second. "What can be the harm if we go sometimes into the great pond?"

"He is certainly a bad man," said the first, again. "He does not love us and does not wish us to enjoy ourselves."

“I shall pay no attention to him,” added the second. “I am going now to enjoy a trip into the great pond.”

“And I,” cried the first, again, “am going to play a little on the surface in the sun.”

The third goldfish alone was wise enough to think, “The good man must have his reasons for forbidding us these things.

“It is certain that he loves us and desires our happiness. If it were not so, why should he come so often to give us bread-crumbs, and be so pleased when we eat them ?

“No, he is certainly not bad, and I will do what he wishes, although I do not know why he wishes it.”

So the good fish remained at the bottom, but the others did as they had said. One swam through the gate into the great pond, and the other played on the surface in the sunshine. Both laughed at their brother because he would not do the same.

But what happened ?

The first had hardly come into the great pond when a pike sprang upon him and swallowed him.

A hawk saw the other which was sporting upon the surface of the water, dived down upon him, caught him, and devoured him.

Only the third goldfish, who was wise and obedient, was left.

The good man was pleased with his obedience, and every day brought him the best of food. So he lived very happily and reached a very old age.

3.—FAIRY UMBRELLAS.

Three fairy umbrellas came up to-day
Under the pine-tree just over the way ;

And since we have had a terrible rain,
The reason they came is made very plain.

This eve is the fairies' midsummer ball,
And drops from the pine-tree on them may
fall ;

So dainty umbrellas wait for them here
And under their shelter they'll dance with-
out fear.

And as you may chance in summer to meet
These odd little canopies under your feet,

Take care where you step, nor crush them,

I pray,

For fear you will frighten the fairies away.

CORA A. DILLON.

4.—THE COMING OF MAY.

“Good-by, April!” cried May’s sweet voice, as she came dancing along with a great bunch of flowers in her hand.

“I’ve such a lovely white wreath for the May Queen, and all sorts of bright things for you, Mother Nature.

“Everything looks beautiful: the brooks are all in tune, and your garden is fairly beginning to smile.”

“Yes, my pretty May,” said Dame Nature, “I’m glad to see you back again to help me.

“This is a busy time with me, you know; but I feel quite light-hearted the minute I catch the first breath of fragrance that announces your coming, my pretty Blossom Queen.

“I wish you’d give your attention to the

dandelions; for some reason they are lazy this year. Stir them up a bit; they won't bite, you know.

"The blossoms are all waiting for your smile, and there's plenty of dainty work for you to do, my dear."

"Well," said May, "I'll do my best; but what with May Day at one end of my visit, and Memorial Day at the other, I've been hard worked of late years, and don't feel so gay as I once did. Is it possible I'm getting old?"

Peeping into a brook to see, pretty May tossed her head at the lovely face she saw there, until the flowers came showering down from her hair. Then she laughed softly to herself—a happy laugh, in which one could hear the trills of the robin and the blue-bird.

MAY SONG.

Blossoms in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the hedges,
Blossoms by the way-side,
Blossoms in the sedges,

Blossoms of the cherry,
Blossoms of the peach,
Blossoms of the apple,
Falling each by each.

In the fragrant shower
I stand beneath the trees,
While all about me bloweth
The balmy soft May breeze.
Winter is forgotten,
Gentle Spring is here,
And the lovely Summer
Now is drawing near.

HENRY EICHBAUM.

5.—THE THREE BROTHERS.

I.

There were once three brothers who were very poor. Their father died, leaving nothing but a little cottage.

The brothers' names were Robert, Thomas, and Jack. Jack was the youngest. His brothers often laughed at him, and called him foolish.

One day, the three brothers were walking through a wood, when they saw an ant-hill.

The little ants were running in and out, and working very hard.

“Let us spoil the ant-hill,” said Robert to Thomas. “The ants will have to work harder than ever then.”

But Jack, who was kind-hearted, begged them not to spoil the ant-hill. “See,” said he, “how busily the little ants work, and carry loads much larger than themselves.”

They did not spoil the nest, and went on. Soon they came to a pond, on which some ducks were swimming.

“Let us catch some of these ducks,” said Robert to Thomas. “They will be good to roast.”

But Jack begged them not to kill the poor ducks. They did not kill them, but walked on still further. They found a tree, in which was a swarm of bees.

Robert and Thomas wanted to make a fire and kill the bees, so that they might take their honey.

But Jack begged them not to kill the bees, nor take their honey, and they did not.

As they went on, a storm came up. The sky grew dark, and the rain began to fall.

The three brothers were glad when they saw a light. They went towards it and found a great stone building. It was a castle.

They knocked at the door, and a man opened it. They asked him if they might come in and wait until the rain was over.

"Yes," said he, "you may come in, and stay till morning. Then you must go out and search for the Queen's pearls. If you do not find them, you will be turned into stone."

When the brothers heard this, they were much afraid. They lay awake all night. In the morning they set out to find the pearls which the Queen had lost.

The man told them that there were a thousand pearls, and every one of them must be found.

Jack went on looking very carefully. He was so intent upon his search that he did not notice that he had left his brothers far behind.

Suddenly, he heard a low voice. It said, "Kind sir, we will find the pearls for you, because you saved our house yesterday."

Looking down, Jack saw at his feet a little ant. Soon hundreds of ants were hard at work. Before night they had brought Jack the thousand pearls which the Queen had lost.

6.—THE THREE BROTHERS.

II.

Jack went back to the castle full of joy.

The man to whom he gave the pearls said, "You have done well. To-morrow you must search for the key to the Queen's chamber."

"Have you seen my brothers?" asked Jack.

"Those statues which you see under the tree yonder are your brothers," said he.

Then Jack was very sorrowful. He lay awake all night, thinking of his brothers.

The next morning he set out to look for the key to the Queen's chamber. After walking some time, he came to the pond where the ducks were swimming.

"Kind sir," said one of the ducks, "we

will find the key to the Queen's chamber, because you saved our lives two days ago."

Then the ducks dived to the bottom of the pond, and soon brought up the lost key.

Jack thanked them, and went back to the castle.

"You have done well," said the man. "Now you may wish, and whatever you wish for, you shall have."

"Oh, please, sir," said Jack, "I would like to have my brothers brought to life."

In an instant the two statues became alive. Robert and Thomas lost no time in thanking Jack for having saved them.

"We will never call you foolish again," said they.

The man then told Jack that the next day he must do the hardest task of all.

"You must know," said he, "that in the Queen's chamber is a beautiful marble statue. That statue is the Queen's daughter.

"The only thing that will bring her to life is some fairy honey. If you can find some, the princess will become alive, and you shall marry her."

The next morning Jack started out to look for the fairy honey. As he walked along, he heard a buzzing sound close to his ear.

Looking up, he saw a tree. It was the same tree in which he had seen the swarm of bees three days before.

"Kind sir," said one of the bees, "I am the Queen bee. At night, when the moon shines, we make honey for the fairies. I have saved some for you, because you saved our lives the other day."

She gave Jack a little box. When he took this to the castle, there was great joy.

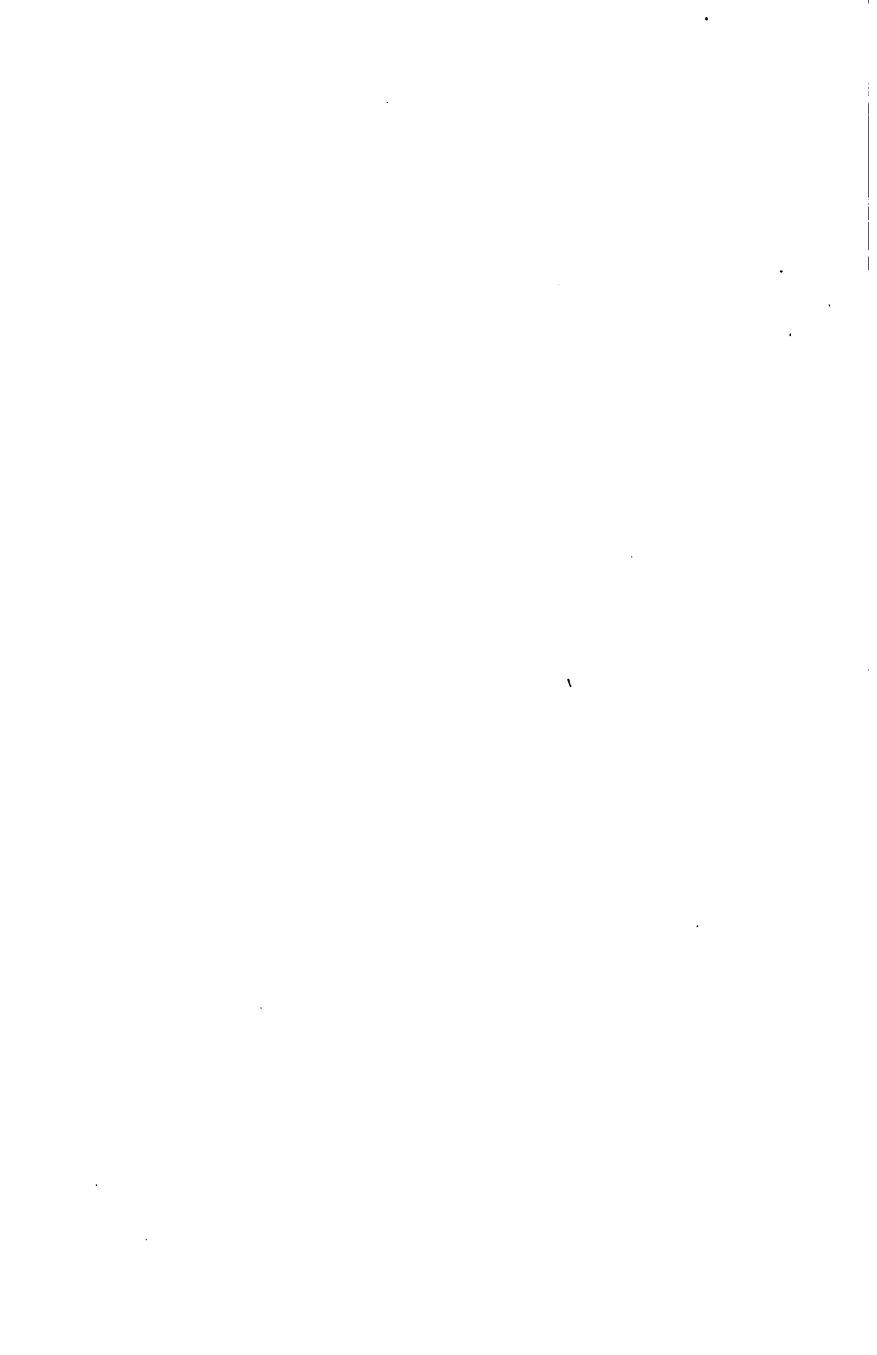
The Queen unlocked the door of her chamber, and put the little box in the hand of the marble statue.

Then the beautiful princess came to life. She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her.

Soon afterwards, Jack was married to the princess. There was a great wedding feast. All the poor people were invited, as well as the rich. Every living thing, even the dogs and cats, ate and drank to their hearts' content.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 1.



7.—A BEAR WITH A BEDQUILT.

It is a bedquilt, isn't it, if he always spreads it over himself when he goes to bed? I think so.

You never heard of such a bear? I dare say you haven't, because that isn't his whole name. His name is Ant-Bear.

You would think it a good one if you could see him when he finds a nice ant-hill to work on. You would think he was made to eat ants—as, indeed, he was.

His forefeet are made with sharp claws. They are just right to tear open the hard houses of the white ants. He is as fond of ants as you are of sugar-plums.

What I call his bedquilt is really his tail. A large gray mat it looks like, large enough to cover him up, and tuck in.

Then his nose is half as long as his body, so it can get into the ant-houses. He has no teeth, for he doesn't need them to eat such food.

His tongue is small, but very long and sticky. It darts in and out so fast you can

hardly see it, snatching up dozens of ants every time.

He has to be quick to get enough of them, for ants are not lazy themselves, you know.

When he lies down, he looks droll enough. He is four or five feet long, and he tucks his nose under his arm. Suppose your nose was long enough to tuck under your arm!

Then he just throws his tail over himself, like a spread. Not an ant can get through that cover, if it wants to.

He looks like a heap of coarse hay. I should think he would smother himself. He is fond of the woods, and generally goes out at night for his food.

Baby ant-bears always ride on their mamma's back, wherever she goes.

This curious little fellow lives in Brazil. He is a very useful animal. But for him the white ants would eat up everything—food, clothes, paper, and even wood.

One does not know what they are about, till his chairs and tables fall to pieces. On opening a book, he finds every leaf eaten out, and only the covers left.

His floor caves in, and drops the whole family into the cellar. Then he finds every timber eaten hollow.

Every one in Brazil feels very friendly to our queer bear with a bedquilt.

He lives, while at home, on ants; but he can eat other things. One that I heard of would eat several dozen eggs a day, besides some chopped meat.

I wonder how many ants he would have to eat to equal that amount of food.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

8.—THE UGLY DUCKLING.

I.

It was lovely summer weather in the country. The golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks piled up in the meadows looked beautiful.

In a sunny spot stood a pleasant old farm-house close by a deep river. From the house down to the water-side grew great burdock leaves, so high that under the tallest of them a little child could stand upright.

In this snug retreat sat a duck on her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch. She was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells.

At length one shell cracked, and then another. From each egg came a living creature that lifted its head and cried, "Peep, peep!"

"Quack, quack!" said the mother, and then they all quacked as well as they could.

"Are you all out?" she asked, rising. "No, I declare, the largest egg lies there still. I wonder how long this is to last! I am quite tired of it." And she seated herself again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who paid her a visit.

"One egg is not hatched yet," said the duck: "it will not break. But just look at all the others! Are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw?"

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck. "I have no doubt it is a turkey's egg. I hatched some once, and, after all my care and trouble, the young

ones were afraid of the water. Yes, that is a turkey's egg. Take my advice, leave it where it is, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little while longer," said the duck. "I have been sitting so long already, a few days more will be nothing."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the large egg broke, and a young one crept forth, crying, "Peep, peep!" It was very large and ugly.

The duck stared at it, and exclaimed, "It is very large, and not at all like the others. I wonder if it is really a turkey. We shall soon find out, however, when we go to the water. It must go in, if I have to push it in myself."

The next day the sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, so the mother duck took her young brood down to the water. "Quack, quack!" cried she, and one after another the little ducklings jumped in.

The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant. They

swam about quite prettily, and the ugly duckling was also in the water swimming with them.

“Oh,” said the mother, “that is not a turkey. How well he uses his legs, and how upright he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all.

“Quack, quack! come with me now, and I will take you to the farm-yard. You must keep close to me, or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat.”

9.—THE UGLY DUCKLING.

II.

When they reached the farm-yard, two families were fighting for an eel's head, which, after all, was carried off by the cat.

“See, children, that is the way of the world,” said the mother. “Come, now, use your legs, and let me see how well you can behave.

“You must bow your heads to that old duck yonder; she is the highest born of

them all. Don't you see she has a red rag tied to her leg, which is a great honor for a duck? It shows that every one is anxious not to lose her.

"Come, now, don't turn in your toes: a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, just like his father and mother. Now bend your neck, and say 'Quack!'"



The ducklings did as they were bidden. The other ducks stared, and said, "Look, here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! What a queer-looking object one of them is! We don't want him here."

“Let him alone,” said the mother: “he is not doing any harm.”

“Yes, but he is so big and ugly,” said one spiteful duck, “and therefore he must be turned out.”

“The others are very pretty children,” said the old duck with the rag on her leg, “all but that one. I wish his mother could improve him a little.”

“He is not pretty,” replied the mother, “but he swims as well as, or even better than, the others.” Then she stroked his neck and smoothed his feathers, saying, “I think he will grow up strong, and be able to take care of himself.”

“The other ducklings are graceful enough,” said the old duck. “Now make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel’s head you can bring it to me.”

And so they made themselves comfortable; but the poor duckling who looked so ugly was bitten and pushed and laughed at by the whole farm-yard.

So it went on from day to day, becoming worse and worse. Even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say,

“Ah, you ugly creature! I wish the cat would get you.” His mother wished that he had never been born.

The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and even the girl who fed them was unkind to him. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over it.

“They are afraid of me because I am so ugly,” he said. He closed his eyes, and flew to a large moor inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at him. “What sort of duck are you?” they all said, coming round him.

He bowed to them, but he did not reply to their question. “You are ugly,” said one of the wild ducks, “but that will not matter, if you do not want to marry one of our family.”

Poor thing! he had no thoughts of marriage. He only wanted to lie among the rushes and drink some of the water on the moor.

10.—THE UGLY DUCKLING.

III.

After he had been on the moor two days, there came two wild geese, and they were very saucy. "Listen, friend," said one of them to the duckling; "you are so ugly that we like you very well. Will you go with us and become a bird of passage?"

"Pop! pop!" sounded in the air, and the two wild geese fell dead among the rushes. The blue smoke from the guns rose like clouds over the dark trees.

A number of sporting dogs bounded in among the rushes, which bent beneath them wherever they went. How they terrified the poor duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, and at the same moment a terrible dog passed quite near him.

He thrust his nose close to the duckling, showing his sharp teeth. Then, "splash, splash," he went into the water.

"Oh," sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly! Even a dog will not bite me."

He waited quietly for several hours, and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. Towards evening he reached a poor little cottage that seemed ready to fall. It only remained standing because it could not decide on which side to fall first.

He noticed that the door was not quite closed. There was a narrow opening near the bottom large enough for him to slip through. He did so very quietly, and got a shelter for the night.

A woman, a cat, and a hen lived in this cottage. The cat, which his mistress called "My little son," was a great favorite. He could raise his back, and purr. He could even throw out sparks from his fur, if it were stroked the wrong way.

The hen had very short legs, so she was called "Chickie-short-legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child.

In the morning, when the strange visitor was found, the cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

"What is this noise about?" said the old

woman, looking round the room. When she saw the duckling, she thought it must be a fat duck that had strayed from home.

"Oh, what a prize!" she exclaimed. "I hope it is not a drake; for I should like to have some ducks' eggs. I must wait and see."

The duckling was allowed to wait three weeks on trial, but there were no eggs. Now, the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress. They believed themselves to be half the world, and the better half too.

The duckling thought that others might not have the same opinion, but the hen would not listen.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then have the goodness to hold your tongue."

"Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?" said the cat.

"No."

"Then do not speak when sensible people are speaking."

So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling

very sad, till the sunshine and fresh air came into the room through the open door. Then he began to feel such a longing for a swim on the water, that he could not help telling the hen.

“What an idea!” said the hen. “You have nothing else to do, therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, these fancies would pass away.”

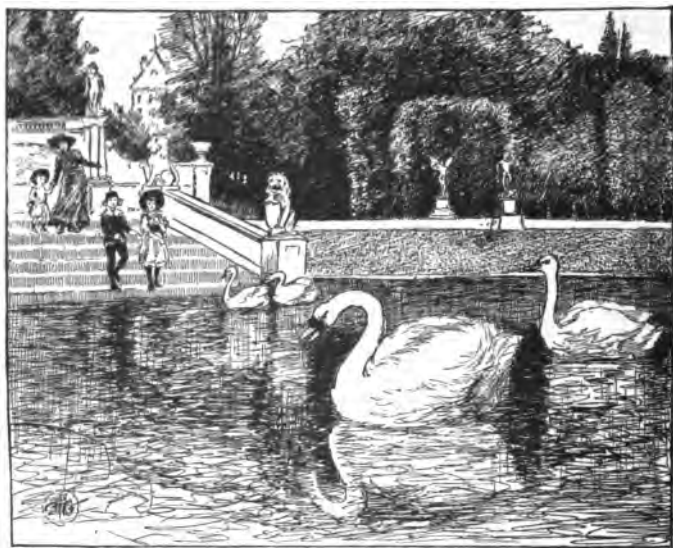
“But it is so delightful to swim about on the water,” said the duckling. “It is so refreshing to feel it close over your head, while you dive down to the bottom.”

“Delightful, indeed!” said the hen. “Why, you must be crazy! Ask the cat how he would like to swim about on the water, or to dive under it.

“Ask the old woman: there is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head?”

“I believe I must go out into the world again,” said the poor duckling.

“Yes, do,” said the hen. So the duckling left the cottage, and soon found water on which it could swim and dive.



11.—THE UGLY DUCKLING.

IV.

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned to orange and gold. As winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell and whirled them in the cold air.

The clouds, heavy with rain and snowflakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood on the ferns, crying, "Croak! croak!" It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was very sad for the poor little duckling.

One evening, just as the sun set among radiant clouds, there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before.

They were swans. They curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with dazzling whiteness. They uttered a strange cry, as they spread their wings and flew away to warmer countries across the sea.

The ugly little duckling felt so strange as he saw them mount higher and higher in the air. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel, and stretched out his neck towards them. He did not envy these beautiful creatures, but wished to be as lovely as they.

The winter grew colder and colder. He was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At last he lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning, a peasant, who was passing by, saw what had happened. He

broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife.

The warmth revived the poor little creature. When the children wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some harm.

He started up in terror, fluttered into the milk-pan, and splashed the milk about the room. The woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more.

He flew first into the butter-cask, then into the meal-tub, and out again. The woman screamed and struck at him with the tongs. The door stood open ; he could just manage to slip out and lie down in the newly-fallen snow.

But the hard winter passed away. The duckling felt the warm sun shining, and heard the lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring.

Then he felt that his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air. They bore him onwards, until he found himself in a large garden. Everything looked beautiful in the freshness of early spring.

From a thicket close by came three beautiful birds, swimming lightly over the smooth waters of a clear stream. The duckling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more unhappy than ever.

"I will fly to these royal birds," he exclaimed, "and they will kill me because I am so ugly; but it does not matter. Better be killed by them than pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, or starved with hunger in the winter."

He flew to the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans. They rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me," said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image—no longer a dark, gray bird, ugly to look at, but a graceful, beautiful swan.

Into the garden came some little children, and threw bread and cake into the water.

"See," cried the youngest, "there is a new one!" The rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, shouting,

“There is another swan come! a new one has arrived!”

Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, “The new one is the most beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty.” And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

He hid his head under his wing; he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds.

He rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried from the depths of his heart, “I never dreamed of such happiness as this while I was an ugly duckling.”

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

12.—TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Patiently take the minutes of pain :
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes : when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while we stay :
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes : use us well,
For how we are used, we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use ;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

13.—THE SKYLARK'S SPURS.

I.

A fairy once saw a fine young lark sitting
in the long grass.

“What is the matter with you?” asked
the fairy.

“Oh, I am so unhappy!” replied the poor
lark. “I want to build a nest, and I have
no wife.”

“Why don't you look for a wife, then?”

said the fairy, laughing at him. "Do you expect one to come and look for you? Fly up, and sing a beautiful song in the sky, and then perhaps some pretty hen will hear you.

"If you tell her you will help her to build a nest, and that you will sing to her all day long, she will consent to be your wife."

"If I fly up, my feet will be seen," said the lark, "and no other bird has feet like mine. My claws are enough to frighten any one, they are so long."

"Let me look at your claws," said the fairy.

So the lark lifted up one of his feet, which he had kept hidden in the long grass, lest any one should see it.

"It looks very fierce," said the fairy. "Are you sure you never fight?"

"No, never," said the lark; "I never fought a battle in my life; yet these claws grow longer and longer. I am so ashamed of their being seen, that I often lie in the grass instead of going up to sing, as I could wish."

"I think, if I were you, I would pull them off," said the fairy.

"That is not an easy thing to do," an-

swered the poor lark. "You cannot think how fast they stick on."

"Well, I am sorry for you," said the fairy. "You would not have wings unless you were going to fly, nor a voice unless you were going to sing; and so you would not have those dreadful spurs unless you were going to fight. If your spurs are not to fight with," continued the fairy, "I should like to know what they are for!"

"I am sure I don't know," said the lark, lifting up his foot and looking at it. "I thought you might be willing to mention among my friends that I should always take care not to hurt my wife and nestlings with my spurs."

"It is quite plain to me that those spurs are meant to scratch with," answered the fairy. "No, I cannot help you. Good-morning!"

14.—THE SKYLARK'S SPURS.

II.

A grasshopper came chirping up to the lark, and tried to comfort him as he sat moping in the grass.

"I have known you some time," he said, "and have never seen you fight. I will spread a report that you are a good-tempered bird, and that you are looking out for a wife."

The lark thanked the grasshopper warmly.

"At the same time," remarked the grasshopper, "I should be glad if you could tell me what is the use of these claws, because the question might be asked me, and I should not know what to answer."

"Grasshopper," replied the lark, "I cannot imagine what they are for; that is the real truth."

"Well," said the kind grasshopper, "perhaps time will show."

The lark, delighted with the grasshopper's promise to speak well of him, flew up into the air, and the higher he went the sweeter and the louder he sang.

The little ants put down their burdens to listen, the doves ceased cooing, and the little field-mice came and sat in the openings of their holes.

A pretty brown lark, who had been sitting under some great leaves, peeped out

and exclaimed, "I never heard such a beautiful song in my life—never!"

"It was sung by my friend the skylark," said the grasshopper. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he wants a wife."

"Hush!" said the pretty brown lark. "I want to hear the end of that wonderful song."

Just then the skylark, far up in the heavens, burst forth again, and sang better than ever—so well, indeed, that every creature in the field sat still to listen.

The little brown lark under the leaves held her breath, for she was afraid of losing a single note.

"Well done, my friend!" exclaimed the grasshopper, when the lark came down panting and with tired wings.

He told him how much his friend the brown lark had been pleased with his song, and he took the poor skylark to see her.

He walked as carefully as he could, that she might not see his feet; and he thought he had never seen such a pretty bird in his life.

When she told him how much she loved music, he sprang up again into the blue

sky, and sang clearer and sweeter than before. He was so glad he could please her.

When he asked her to overlook his spurs and be his wife, she said she would see about it.

“Now I think of it,” she said, “I should not have liked you to have short claws like other birds; but I cannot say why, as your spurs seem to be of no use.”

This was very good news for the skylark, and he sang such delightful songs that he very soon won his wife.

They built a little nest in the grass, which made him so happy that he almost forgot to be sorry about his long spurs.

15.—THE SKYLARK'S SPURS.

III.

One afternoon the fairy saw the lark's friend.

“How do you do, grasshopper?” she asked.

“Thank you, I am very well and very happy,” said the grasshopper; “people are always so kind to me.”

"Indeed!" replied the fairy. "I wish I could say that they were always kind to me. How is that quarrelsome lark, who found such a pretty brown mate the other day?"

"He is not a quarrelsome bird," replied the grasshopper. "I wish you would not say that he is."

"Oh, well, we need not quarrel about that," said the fairy, laughing. "I have seen the world, grasshopper, and I know a few things. Your friend the lark does not wear those long spurs for nothing."

"Suppose you come and see the eggs that our pretty lark has in her nest," said the grasshopper,—*"three pink eggs spotted with brown. I am sure she will show them to you with pleasure."*

What was their surprise to find the poor little brown lark sitting on them, with rumpled feathers, drooping head, and trembling limbs!

"Ah! my pretty eggs!" said the lark, as soon as she could speak. "They must be trodden on! they will certainly be found!"

"What is the matter?" asked the grasshopper. "Perhaps we can help you."

“Dear grasshopper,” said the lark, “I have just heard the farmer and his son talking on the other side of the hedge. The farmer said that to-morrow morning he should begin to cut this meadow.”

“That is a great pity,” said the grasshopper. “What a sad thing it was that you laid your eggs on the ground!”

“Larks always do,” said the poor little brown bird. “Oh, my pretty eggs! I shall never hear my little nestlings chirp!”

So the poor lark moaned, and neither the grasshopper nor the fairy could do anything to help her.

16.—THE SKYLARK'S SPURS.

IV.

At last her mate dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing, and inquired in great fright what the matter was.

They told him, and at first he was very much shocked. Presently he lifted first one and then the other of his feet, and examined his long spurs.

“If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge,” sighed the poor mother, “among the corn, there would have been plenty of time to rear my birds before harvest-time.”

“My dear,” answered her mate, “don’t be unhappy!” And, so saying, he hopped up to the eggs, and, laying one foot upon the prettiest, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange to say, it exactly fitted them.

“Oh, my clever mate!” cried the poor little mother; “do you think you can carry them away for me?”

“To be sure I can,” replied the lark, beginning slowly and carefully to hop on with the egg in his right foot; “nothing more easy. I have often wondered what my spurs could be for, and now I see.”

So saying, he hopped gently on till he came to the hedge, and then got through it, still holding the egg, till he found a nice little hollow place in among the corn, and there he laid it, and came back for the others.

“Hurrah!” cried the grasshopper. “Lark-spurs forever!”

The fairy said nothing, but she felt ashamed of herself. She sat looking on till the happy lark had carried the last of his eggs to a safe place and had called his mate to come and sit on them.

Then he sprang up into the sky again, singing to his mate. He was happy because he knew what his long spurs were for.

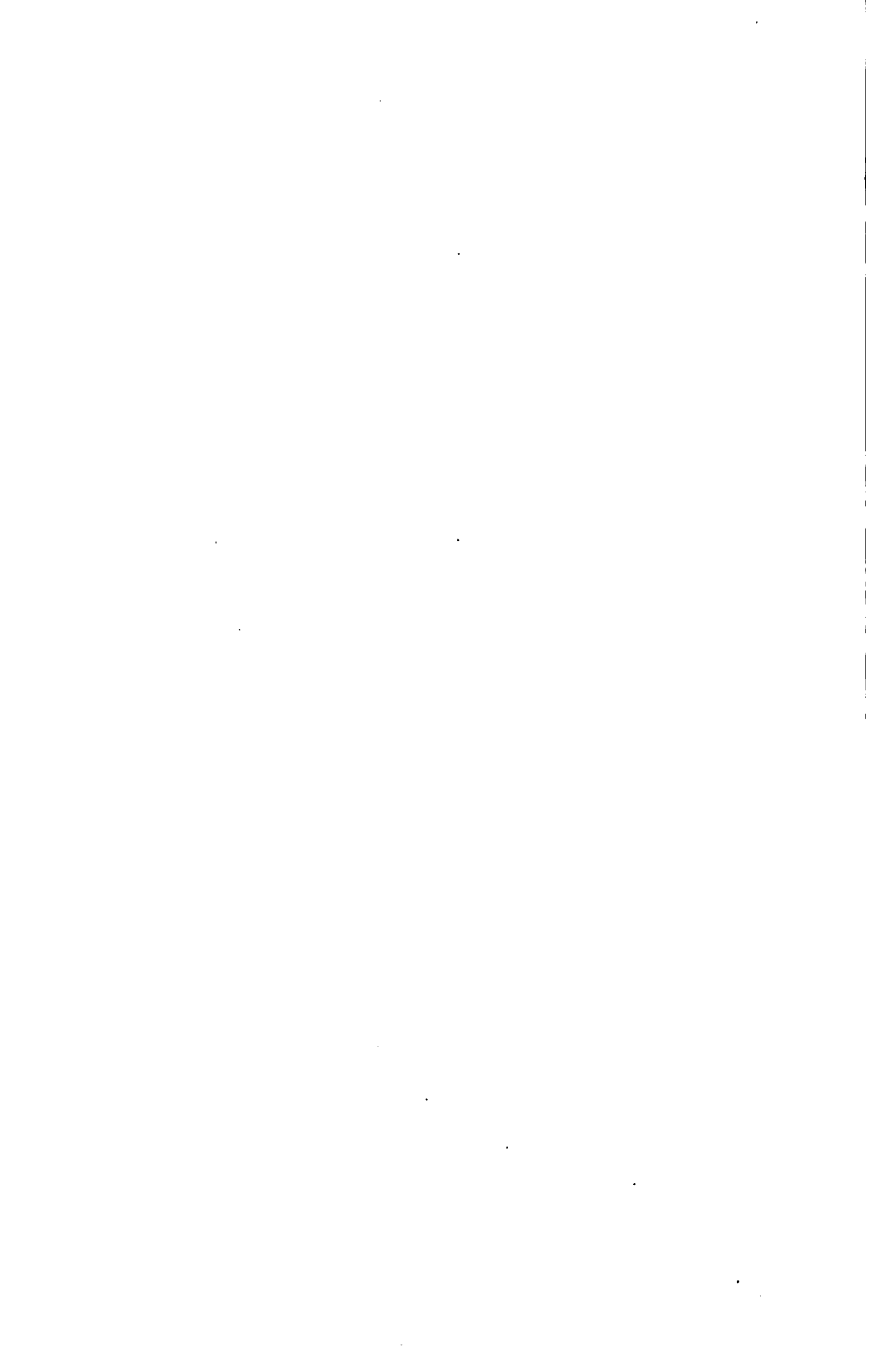
The fairy stole gently away, saying to herself, "Well, I could not have believed such a thing. I thought he must be a quarrelsome bird, as his spurs were so long; but it appears that I was wrong, after all."

JEAN INGELow.

"Begin while life is bright and young,
Work out each noble plan;
True knowledge lends a charm to youth,
And dignifies the man.
Then upward, onward, step by step,
With perseverance rise,
And emulate, with hearts of hope,
The good, the great, the wise."



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 2.





17.—THE KITTENS AT PLAY.

I.

Posy and Tom were out in the yard, watching the barn-kittens playing.

“I’m going to bring out the house-kittens,” said Posy: “they ought to have a good time too.”

The house-cat was lying in the box beside her kittens, when Posy came for them.

“I’m going to let your kittens play with the barn-kittens,” said Posy to the house-cat.

“They ought to be out in the fresh air instead of sleeping in this hot kitchen. You needn’t mew so, for I shan’t hurt them.”

What the house-cat said was this :

“I don’t want my kittens playing with those rough barn-kittens : it will spoil their manners.”

Posy did not understand her. It would not have made any difference if she had, for she approved of the way the barn-cat brought up her family.

Posy put the kittens on the ground beside the little tiger-kittens. Then she went back to her seat on the door-step beside Tom, to watch them as they played.

They flew at one another, clawed one another, and rolled over together. The barn-cat looked on, very proud of her children’s strength. The house-cat scowled at the little tiger-kittens.

“Come back at once!” she called to her little Maltese kittens. “I don’t wish you to play with those common barn-kittens.”

“Oh, do let us stay ! it is such fun !” they answered, piteously.

"Let them have a little frolic," said the barn-cat. "They'll get sick lying in that hot kitchen."

"I don't want them to learn common ways," said the house-cat.

"My kittens won't teach them anything to hurt their manners," answered the barn-cat.

"Come, my dears," she said to the little Maltese kittens, in a motherly tone, "you play just as much as you want to."

18.—THE KITTENS AT PLAY.

II.

The house-cat looked around. None of her friends were in sight. It did seem a pity to cheat her darlings out of a romp in the fresh air; so she didn't tell them they shouldn't stay.

The kittens grew very cheerful. They watched the tiger-kittens as they chased one another and clawed and rolled over.

At last they became bold. One of them went up to one of the tiger-kittens and gave him a gentle tap with his paw.

Then the tiger-kitten turned and chased him. How the little Maltese kitten did run! The tiger-kitten had to try with all his might to catch the Maltese kitten. They rolled over and kicked and clawed, just as if the Maltese kitten had played "tag" every day of his life.

"Very well, my dear!" said the barn-cat. "Try it once more. And you needn't be afraid to put out your claws a little further. My kittens don't mind a few scratches.

"When you run up to them, crouch a little, and wriggle your body before you spring. Don't be afraid of hurting them when you knock them over. Try it again; you'll do better next time."

The little Maltese kitten did try it again. She succeeded so well that the house-cat could not resist a smile of pride. Then the other Maltese kitten tried it, and did it so well that the barn-cat praised her for it.

"Now, my dears," said the barn-cat, "I'm going to teach you how to catch mice."

She looked around, and picked out a little green apple that would roll easily.

"Now play that this is a mouse sitting

still: show me how you would catch it. You begin first," she said to one of her kittens, "because you have had a lesson in it."

So the tiger-kitten crept towards the apple, swishing her little tail the way her mother had taught her.

When she came within the proper distance she stopped and wriggled her body from side to side, and then gave a great spring and seized the apple.

She was so excited from playing "tag" that she forgot she was playing "mouse." She batted the apple and set it rolling, chased it and caught it, and lay on her back and clawed it with all her four paws.

"I'm ashamed of you!" said the barn-cat. "Put it down and do it over again. Mind, no fooling this time!"

The little tiger-kitten did it over again, and really did it very well. The Maltese kittens tried it, and the barn-cat was much pleased with them.

"Now," said she, "we'll make believe it is a mouse running. See how well you can do that."

She gave the apple a push with her paw,

and all the four kittens set off at once after it. They rolled over one another and clawed and kicked just as they had done when they played "tag."

The barn-cat could not help smiling to herself, but she took care that the kittens did not see her smile.

She made each one do it alone, and then finished the lesson with some very good advice about hiding behind corners and suddenly springing out.

19.—THE KITTENS AT PLAY.

III.

When Posy caught up the kittens to carry them back to their nest, it was no wonder that the barn-cat followed her. She had taken one of the barn-kittens and one of the house-kittens.

The barn-cat tried very hard to make the little girl understand her mistake. She ran about her, crying, with her tail in the air. How the barn-cat did wish she could speak!

She looked at the kitten that belonged to

the house-cat. It was very pretty, Maltese, with a little white on the breast and about the nose.

"It is a good-looking kitten," said the barn-cat, "but not half so cunning as my little tiger-kitten that Posy left in the kitchen. I'm sure I don't want it here. Come," she said, poking the kitten with her paw, "you just run home, will you?"

The kitten did not seem to understand what the barn-cat said. She thought the cat wanted to play with her, and she tried to catch the big paw in both of her little ones.

"Well, you *are* cunning," said the barn-cat. "You'll never be as smart as my kittens, of course, but I've a great mind to keep you and see what you'll make, if you are properly brought up."

Just then a cry was heard from the kitchen. With one leap, the barn-cat was out of her nest and running up to the kitchen door.

She did not dare go in; for there was Hannah, and she knew that she would be driven out. What was to be done?

The barn-cat jumped on the window-sill,

and looked in. There was her darling in the box by the stove, crying for her.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "if I could only get into that kitchen! I know what I'll do. I'll tell Mrs. Polly about it; she's very wise."

So the barn-cat jumped down from the kitchen window, and on the sill of the dining-room window, which stood open.

"I'm in trouble, Mrs. Polly," she said, "and I want you to help me out of it."

"Well," answered Polly, with her very wisest expression, "what's the matter?"

Then the barn-cat told about Posy's mistake, and how anxious it made her to have her kitten away from her.

"What I want to know is, whether you can think of any way for me to get my kitten back," she said. "I tried to make Posy understand what a dreadful mistake she'd made, but she was in such a hurry she didn't see it."

Mrs. Polly put her head on one side in a very knowing manner. After a moment she said, "The thing to do is to get Hannah out of the kitchen for a while."

"That's very evident," said the canary, who had been listening and did not like to be left out of the conversation.

"If it is so very evident," said Mrs. Polly, "why don't you do it?"

"I didn't say *I* could do it; but if I could talk as you can, I would," answered the canary.

"How would you do it, pray?" asked Mrs. Polly.

"Why, I'd call Hannah the way Mrs. Winton does. I heard you call her the other day. I never knew a bird that could talk so plainly as you do."

20.—THE KITTENS AT PLAY.

IV.

The canary was so good-natured that Mrs. Polly was ashamed of her ill-temper.

"Well," she said, "perhaps that ~~is~~ as good a way as any other. I did think of screaming to make her think I'd got my head caught between the wires, but Posy doesn't like to hear such a noise."

“You go round to the kitchen door,” she said to the barn-cat, “and when Hannah leaves the kitchen you just dart in, seize your kitten, and run off with it.”

The barn-cat hardly waited to hear the last words, and ran around to the kitchen door. She had hardly arrived there when she heard Polly call “Hannah!”

Hannah dropped the broom with which she was sweeping. “Yes, ma’am,” she answered, as she hurried into the dining-room.

In darted the barn-cat and caught up her darling in her mouth. She had it back in her own nest before Hannah discovered how Polly had “fooled” her.

But when the house-cat came home from her visit, she was very much surprised and disturbed to find one of her babies gone.

“That barn-cat!” she exclaimed: “I believe she has stolen it because it is so much prettier than her common-looking babies!” And out to the barn went the house-cat.

“I never visited her before,” she said to herself, “but I must see if she has got my baby.”

The barn-cat knew what she was coming for as soon as she caught sight of her.

"I want my kitten," said the house-cat, going up to the box. She stepped very daintily, and held her head up very high, as if she were afraid of soiling her shining fur. "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself to steal my kitten!"

"I didn't steal your kitten! I don't want your kitten; it isn't half so smart or pretty as mine are."

"Indeed!" answered the house-cat, with a toss of her head. "Your common-looking tiger-kittens! Look at my baby's soft skin and her gentle little ways!"

"I'll leave it to Posy if mine are not the smartest and handsomest," answered the barn-cat, angrily. "They had hard work to get anybody to take your kittens the last time. Mine were spoken for before they had their eyes open!"

The house-cat was very angry, but she knew there was truth in what the barn-cat said. She only repeated "Indeed!" in a very scornful manner, and tossed her head.

"You coddle your children too much,"

continued the barn-cat. "You keep them by the warm stove, and don't take them out of doors often enough. That makes them tender."

"When I want your advice I'll ask for it," answered the house-cat, as she took up her kitten and went home with it.

"It was a pretty enough kitten, though I wasn't going to tell her so," said the barn-cat to herself. "I could have made a smart kitten of it; but it will only be spoiled now."

The barn-cat sighed as she lapped a rough spot on one of her kitten's ears.

LILY WESSELHOEFT.

21.—THE LITTLE HAYMAKER.

Look at him; short legs with long toes and claws, fine bushy tail, and no ears to speak of.

He is a bright, sharp little fellow. He lives in the mountains, where he makes a home for himself. Now you can guess what those long claws are for.

When he makes his home, he first digs

a long passage sloping down, then turns a sharp corner and slopes the passage up. Here is the nursery, and here the babies live and grow up.

When the weather gets cold, the little marmot begins to prepare for winter. He does not lay in a stock of nuts and acorns, like the squirrel. He does not stow away a pile of bark, like the beaver.

He just moves his family down the mountain into warmer regions. Here he digs out a new house, deeper than the other, and then—makes hay.

He cuts the grass with his teeth, lets it dry in the sun, and then carries it into his cosy winter home.

When it gets very cold, the whole family shut themselves up. They stuff the door with hay, roll themselves into balls, and sleep during the winter.

The people who live near the Alps, where vast numbers of marmots are found, hunt them. Their flesh is good to eat. Their gray fur coats make warm winter suits. If taken alive, they can easily be tamed, and even taught tricks.

Poor boys who live in that country often take trained marmots and travel through England and France, showing their tricks for money.

It is not very easy to catch them in summer. With the diggers they have on their toes, they can get into the ground faster than men can get them out. In the autumn, when they begin to be stupid and sleepy, it is easy to dig out the house and capture the whole family.

These little fellows are never found away from the mountains. They have cousins who live in small hills and are very common. You have heard of them by the name of woodchucks.

Other cousins are prairie dogs. They live in prairie dog towns, on our prairies.

They dig homes underground too. These are so large, and so near together, that horses often break through and hurt themselves.

There is one curious thing about the prairie dog's home. The ugly rattlesnake and the burrowing owl also live in it.

The bones of baby prairie dogs have

been found in the snake's stomach. We conclude that it is a thief, who not only forces his company on the family, but also steals and eats the babies for his breakfast.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

22.—LULLABY.

When the golden sun goes down,
What then ? what then, baby ?
Little birdies hide away ;
All the wee lambs homeward stray ;
To its lily-home the bee
Hums across the dewy lea ;
Baby's eyelids downward creep.
Baby's last to go to sleep !
Do you know that, baby ?

When the sun peeps up at morn,
What then ? what then, baby ?
Little birdies wake and sing ;
All the wee lambs bleat and spring ;
Cow-bells tinkle o'er the lea ;
From the lily hums the bee ;
But to softly coo and call,
Baby wakes the first of all !
Do you know that, baby ?

23.—EIKŌN'S* VISIT TO THE MOON.

I.

The child Eikon stood watching the stars in the sky above him. The moon had just risen in the east, sending its soft light upon the earth.

"If I could only visit the stars!" he sighed.

When he grew so weary that he could watch no longer, he sat down and leaned his head against a



grassy bank. His eyes closed, and he fell asleep.

It did not seem to him more than three

*Pronounced I' kōne.

seconds when a clear sweet voice said,
“Eikon!”

He sprang to his feet in surprise. A little girl dressed in white stood beside him. Her eyes were blue, and her hair fell in long curls over her shoulders, almost touching her silvery wings.

“Are your wings strong to-night?” she asked.

Eikon did not know that he had wings, so he peeped over his shoulder; there they were, all ready for use.

“Will you go with me?” asked the child, lifting her hands towards the starry sky.

“To the stars? Oh, yes! Which shall it be?” asked Eikon.

“The stars are too far away,” she said.

“We will visit our neighbor, the moon.”

“I forgot the moon,” said Eikon. “What a beautiful place we shall find! How soon shall we start?”

“Now. We need not wait a moment.”

“But shall we not take food with us?”

“Food! Oh, no,” the child answered.

“We shall travel faster than the fastest

express-train, and those who have wings are never hungry."

"Is this your first visit to the moon?" asked Eikon.

"No, I have been many times. But it will be your first visit. Come!"

"Will you not tell me your name?"

"My name is Stella; and yours I know is Eikon. Now we are friends. Come!"

They spread their wings and rose side by side through the darkness. Beneath, all seemed to shrink and fade. Above, all seemed to widen and glow.

"See," said Stella, "we have left behind us not only the earth, but its shadow also. There is no night where we are now. We are flying through space."

"How far does space reach?" asked Eikon. "And what lies beyond space?"

"I do not know," Stella answered. "If there is any thing beyond space, we only know, Eikon, that God is there."

This seemed to Eikon a wonderful and beautiful thought.

"Oh, what is that!" he cried, as a small dark body rushed past them towards the

earth, burned for a moment like fire, and then disappeared.

“Only a shooting star,” Stella answered. “Have you never watched for shooting stars at night?”

“Oh, yes,” whispered Eikon, “but I did not know what they were like. I hope one will not strike us. Will not that shooting star fall down on the earth and kill somebody?”

“No, it will all burn out before it reaches the earth. Now, Eikon, shut your eyes, and take my hand. Do not open them until I give you leave.”

Eikon obeyed, and on they flew. Once he said, “We are going so fast, and yet I feel no wind.”

“There cannot be wind where there is no air,” said Stella. “Wind is moving air.”

“Then is there nothing here?” asked Eikon.

“Nothing that we can see or feel.”

Suddenly Eikon found himself standing upon his feet.

“Open your eyes,” said Stella, softly.

24.—EIKON'S VISIT TO THE MOON.

II.

"Why, we are back on the earth again!" exclaimed Eikon.

"Are we? Look around!"

"It's only earth," repeated the boy.

It was a strange earth. Here and there great mountains of rocks cast inky shadows. In front, far away, stretched a bare and barren plain, and the sunshine was so hot and fierce that Eikon could not face it. No grass or plants or trees were to be seen anywhere.

"Look up," said Stella.

Eikon obeyed. The sky was black too, and the stars shone without twinkling. The sun was far brighter than ever Eikon had seen it from his earth-home.

The sun! Was it the very same sun? A fringe of many-colored lights streamed from it on all sides, hidden from the sight of earth-children by a soft veil of air.

Eikon looked again, and saw another splendid sight—a shining body something like the moon, but sixteen times as large,

and covered with curious marks. He wondered what it could be.

"That is the Earth," said Stella.

"I never knew we had such a shining world to live in," said the boy. He could hardly believe that it was true.

"How do you like this heat?" asked Stella.

"It is fearful," Eikon answered. "I wonder at myself for being able to stay here."

"You came with wings," said Stella. "Had you come in any other way, you could not stand the heat three seconds."

Just then a round hard body came rushing downward out of the sky, and struck the ground near where they stood. The ground shook, yet there was no sound.

"Oh," cried Eikon, "I did not hear it!"

"There are no noises in the moon, Eikon, for there is no air to carry sound," replied Stella. "Without our wings, we could not hear each other speak. That was only a shooting star."

"A shooting star! But this one did not burn," said Eikon.

"No, there is no air to make it burn. If you watch you will see many more."

"I wonder where they come from," said Eikon.

"Millions of them are always rushing round the sun and moon," Stella answered.

Eikon did not wonder that many of them fell.

25.—EIKON'S VISIT TO THE MOON.

III.

Eikon looked at a great rocky wall that he could see far away. "Perhaps we could find some water over there," he said.

"We will explore; but I may as well tell you that there is no water on the moon."

"No water at all?" said Eikon.

"No water on this side. No one knows anything about the further side. Even my wings cannot carry me there. Come, shall we mount the rocks? Spring, Eikon!"

Eikon had never been so astonished in his life. Instead of jumping three or four feet, he easily jumped thirty or forty feet.

“Why, how is this?” he exclaimed. “I never made such a leap in my life before.”

“Ah,” Stella said, with a smile, “you have not been used to leaping on the moon. Weight here is less than on the earth.”



“I can believe that. I never felt so light there. But what can be the reason?”

“Merely the smaller size of the moon,” replied Stella.

A few more springs, and some swift climbing and running, brought them to the

rocky wall. They could see no grass ; no water ; no green and blue tints—only black shadows, and a black sky, and the fierce white sunshine.

“ Oh, this is terrible !” said Eikon. “ I could not bear to live here.”

“ I have not shown you the worst yet,” said Stella, in a low voice. “ You have yet to learn about the moon’s night. Sit down, Eikon, and let us wait. The sun will set in less than a week, and then night will come.”

“ A week !” gasped the boy.

“ Less than a week. The moon’s day lasts a fortnight of our days, but her day is more than half over now, and we will wait and see the sun set.”

Stella, with a smile, spread her wings as she spoke, and gently waved them to and fro.

Together they watched the sun, as slowly, very slowly, he crept across the black sky and then went out of sight. Night was upon them ; but it was not a very dark night, for the shining earth was brighter than a dozen full moons.

But the cold was fearful. The children drew closer together and shivered.

“Eikon, have you had enough?” Stella asked, at last.

“Yes; oh, yes! Let us go home.”

“Then take my hand and spread your wings. Shut your eyes, and have no fear.”

Swiftly they flew from dreary moonland, and before Eikon could have thought it possible, he was back in the garden he had left.

“I would not live on the moon,” Eikon cried. “Earth, dear old earth, is far better.”

And as Eikon said these words, Stella faded from his sight, and he awoke.

AGNES GIBERNE.

26.—THE SILVER BOAT.

There is a boat upon a sea;
It never stops for you or me.
The sea is blue, the boat is white,
It sails through winter and summer night.

The swarthy child in India's land
Points to the prow with eager hand;
The little Lapland babies cry
For the silver boat a-sailing by.

It fears no gale, it fears no wreck,
It never meets a change or check,
Through weather fair or weather wild—
The oldest saw it when a child.

Upon another sea below,
Full many vessels come and go;
Upon the swaying, swinging tide
Into the distant worlds they ride.

And, strange to say, the sea below,
Where countless vessels come and go,
Obeys the little boat on high
Through all the centuries sailing by.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

27.—THE BROWNIES.

I.

The moon rose like gold, and went up into the heavens like silver. Tommy opened his eyes, and ran to the window.

“The moon has risen,” said he, and he crept softly down the ladder, through the kitchen, and so out to the moor.

Everything but the wind and Tommy seemed asleep. The houses in the village

all had their eyes shut,—that is, their window-blinds down; the very moors had drawn white sheets over them, and lay sleeping also.

“Hoot! hoot!” said a voice behind him. Somebody was awake, then. “It’s the Old Owl,” said Tommy.

There she came, swinging across the moor with a stately flight. Though Tommy ran hard, she was in the shed some time before him.



When he got in, no bird was to be seen, but he heard a crunching sound from above. Looking up, there sat the Old Owl, blinking at him with yellow eyes.

“Oh, dear!” said Tommy, for he did not much like it.

“Come up here! come up here!” said the Old Owl.

She sat on a beam that ran across the shed. Tommy had often climbed up for

fun ; and he climbed up now, and sat face to face with her. He thought her eyes looked as if they were made of flame.

“Now, what do you want?” said the Owl.

“Please,” said Tommy, “can you tell me where to find the Brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us?”

“Oohoo!” said the Owl, “that’s it, is it? I know of three Brownies.”

“Hurrah!” said Tommy. “Where do they live?”

“In your house,” said the Owl.

“In our house!” exclaimed he. “Whereabouts? Why do they do nothing?”

“One of them is too young,” said the Owl.

“But why don’t the others work?” asked Tommy.

“They are idle, they are idle,” said the Old Owl, and she gave herself such a shake that Tommy nearly tumbled off the beam in his fright.

“Then we don’t want them,” said he. “What is the use of having Brownies if they do nothing to help us?”

“Perhaps they don’t know how, as no one has told them,” said the Owl.

"I wish you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy: "I could tell them."

"Could you?" said the Owl. "Oohoo! Oohoo!" And Tommy couldn't tell whether she were hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could," he said. "They might be up and sweep the house, and light the fire, and spread the table. Besides, they could see what was needed."

"Oohoo!" said the Owl. "I can tell you where to find one of the Brownies; and if you find him, he will tell you where his brother is."

28.—THE BROWNIES.

II.

"I am quite ready to go," said Tommy, "and I will do as you tell me. I feel sure I could persuade them. If they only knew how every one would love them if they made themselves useful!"

"Oohoo!" said the Owl. "Now pay attention. You must go to the north side of the mere when the moon is shining, and

turn yourself round three times, saying this charm :

“Twist me, and turn me, and show me the Elf:
I looked in the water, and saw——

“When you have got so far, look into the water, and you will see the Brownie. Think of a word that will rhyme with the first line. If either you do not see the Brownie, or fail to think of the word, it will be of no use.”

“The moon is shining, so I shall go now,” said Tommy. “Good-by, and thank you.”

The moon shone very brightly on the centre of the mere. Tommy knew the place well ; for there was a fine echo there.

He went to the north side, and turning himself three times, as the Old Owl had told him, he repeated the charm :

“Twist me, and turn me, and show me the Elf:
I looked in the water, and saw——”

Now for it! He looked in, and saw—his own face.

“Why, there’s no one but myself!” said

Tommy. "And what can the word be? I must have done it wrong."

"Wrong!" said the Echo.

Tommy was surprised to find the Echo awake at this time of night.

"Hold your tongue!" said he. "Matters are provoking enough of themselves. Belf! Celf! Delf! Helf! There can't be a word to fit it. And then to look for a Brownie and see nothing but myself!"

"Myself!" said the Echo.

"Will you be quiet?" said Tommy. "How very odd! Myself does rhyme, though:

'Twist me, and turn me, and show me the Elf:
I looked in the water, and saw myself.'

What can it mean? The Old Owl knows, so I shall go back and ask her."

"Ask her!" said the Echo.

"Didn't I say I should?" said Tommy. "Myself certainly does rhyme, and I wonder I did not think of it long ago."

"Go!" said the Echo.

"Go to sleep?" said Tommy. "I am going; I said I should." And back he went. There sat the Old Owl, as before.

29.—THE BROWNIES.

III.

“Oohoo!” said she, as Tommy climbed up. “What did you see in the mere?”

“I saw nothing but myself,” said Tommy.

“And what did you expect to see?” asked the Owl.

“I expected to see a Brownie,” said Tommy: “you told me so.”

“And what are Brownies like?” inquired the Owl.

“The one grandma knew was a useful little fellow, something like a little man,” said Tommy.

“Ah!” said the Owl, “but you know at present this one is an idle little fellow, something like a little man. Oohoo! Are you quite sure you didn’t see him?”

“Quite,” answered Tommy, sharply. “I saw no one but myself.”

“Hoot! toot! how touchy we are! And who are you, pray?”

“I am not a Brownie,” said Tommy.

“Don’t be too sure,” said the Owl. “Did you find out the word?”

"No," said Tommy. "I could find no word with any meaning that would rhyme but 'myself.'"

"Well, that rhymes," said the Owl. "And you know what wants doing: so go and do it. Good-night, or rather good-morning, for it is long past midnight." And the old lady began to shake her feathers for a start.

"Don't go yet, please," said Tommy, humbly. "I don't understand it. I'm not a Brownie, am I?"

"Yes, you are," said the Owl, "and a very idle one, too. All children are Brownies."

"But I couldn't do work like a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Why not?" inquired the Owl. "Couldn't you sweep the floor, light the fire, and spread the table? You know 'there's lots to do.'"

"But I don't think I should like it," said Tommy. "I'd much rather have a Brownie to do it for me."

"And what would you do meanwhile?" asked the Owl. "Be idle, I suppose. And what do you suppose is the use of a man's

having children, if they do nothing to help him? Ah! if they only knew how every one would love them if they made themselves useful!"

"But is it really and truly so?" asked Tommy, in a dismal voice. "Are there no Brownies but children?"

"No, there are not," said the Owl. "And pray do you think that the Brownies, whoever they may be, come into a house to save trouble for idle, healthy little boys who live in it?"

"Please," said Tommy, "I should like to go home now. It's getting cold, and I am so tired!"

"Very true," said the Owl. "I think I had better take you home."

"I know the way, thank you," said Tommy.

"I didn't say show you the way, I said take you—carry you," said the Owl. "Lean against me."

"I'd rather not," said Tommy.

"Lean against me," screamed the Owl. "Oohoo! how obstinate boys are, to be sure!"

Tommy crept up, very unwillingly.

“Lean your full weight, and shut your eyes,” said the Owl.

Tommy laid his head against the Old Owl’s feathers, shut his eyes, and leaned his full weight, expecting that he and the Owl would fall off the beam together.

He sank and sank, could feel nothing solid, jumped with a start to save himself, opened his eyes, and found that he was sitting among the heather in the loft.

It was no longer moonlight, but early dawn.

JULIANA H. EWING.

30.—MORNING-GLORIES.

It was a lovely morning when Daisy was awakened by the fairy music, and the ponies were standing at the door.

“Are we going far?” she asked, as Wee put on her riding-skirt and tied back her hair.

“Up to the mountain-top: it’s only a mile; and we shall have time, if we ride fast,” answered Wee.

Away they went, through the green lane,

over the bridge, and up the steep hill-side where the sheep fed and colts frisked as they passed by.

Higher and higher climbed Dandy and Prance, the ponies. Gayer and gayer grew Daisy and Wee, as the fresh air blew over



them and the morning red glowed on their faces. When they reached the top, they sat on a tall stone, and looked down into the valley on either side.

“This seems like a place to find giants, it is so high and big and splendid up here,”

said Daisy, as her eye roamed over river, forest, town, and hill.

"There are giants here; and I brought you up to see them," answered Wee.

"Mercy! where are they?" cried Daisy, looking very curious and rather frightened.

"There is one of them." And Wee pointed to the water-fall that went dashing and foaming down into the valley. "That giant turns the wheels of all the mills you see. Some of them grind grain for our bread, some help to spin cloth for our clothes, some make paper, and others saw trees into boards. That is a beautiful and busy giant, Daisy."

"So it is, and some day we will go and see it work. Show me the others: I like your giants almost as well as those in the fairy-books."

"On this side you'll see another, called Steam. He is a very strong fellow. With the help of gunpowder, he will break the granite mountain in pieces and carry it away. He works in the other mills, and takes heavy loads of stone, cloth, paper, and wood all over the country.

“On the right of us is a third giant, called Electricity. He runs along those wires, and carries messages from one end of the world to the other. He goes under the sea and through the air; he brings news to every one, runs day and night, yet never tires, and often helps sick people with his lively magic.”

“I like him best, I think; for he is more like a real, wonderful giant. Is there one on that side of us?” asked Daisy, turning round to look behind her.

“Yes: the best and most powerful of all lives in that big house with the bell on the roof,” said Wee, smiling.

“Why, that’s only the school-house.”

“Education is a long word, dear; but you know what it means, and as you grow older you will see what wonders it can work. It is a noble giant; for in this country rich and poor are helped by it.

“It works more wonders than any other giant. It changes little children into wise, good men and women, who rule the world and make happy homes everywhere. It helps write books, sing songs, paint pictures,

do good deeds, and beautify the world. Love and respect it, my little Daisy, and be glad that you live now when such giants lend a hand to dwarfs like us."

Daisy sat still a long time, looking all about her on the mountain-top. When she rode away, she carried a new thought in her mind, which she never forgot.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

31.—TAMING GIANTS.

I.

Jack the Giant-Killer was a strange little man. He went about seeking great giants, to kill them.

But there are some giants that he could not kill, for they cannot die. I think it is better to tame such giants, and make them do good in the world, than to let them live and work mischief.

I know a great giant whose home is in every part of the world. He takes up more room than all the people, and covers three-fourths of the earth.

We could not live without him as our servant, and we could not live with him as our master.

He once broke out of his prison, and flew over men's heads, and under their feet, and round about them on every side.

He filled the valleys and covered the mountains, and killed all the people in the world except eight men and women, who knew he was coming.

It took many months to get him back again into his prison, and even now he gets out sometimes and takes men's lives and robs them of their property.

Only a short time ago, this terrible giant burst his prison doors at Johnstown, in Pennsylvania.

Down the mountain valley he rushed. Hundreds of houses were swept away, and thousands of lives were lost, in his mad struggle to be free.

In a single moment, happy, peaceful homes were destroyed. Families were broken up, the living suffering worse than the dead.

But when he stays in his prison and attends to his work, he is a good servant.

He eats nothing, asks for no wages, needs no clothes, and never sleeps. He works night and day, and never stops to rest, for you cannot tire him.

One man builds a mill to grind his grain. He brings the giant and gets him to turn the great wheel that drives all the other wheels. When this work is done, the giant goes on his way.

Another man has a great load to carry. Fifty horses could not move it. He places it on the great broad back of the giant, who bears it away.

This giant will carry the man and many others on the top of the load, and, with the help of one or two big brothers, will bear them round the world.

Sometimes he is angry, and tries to destroy everything that comes in his way. But his anger never lasts long.

He seldom remains still, for he loves to roam about and see the world. He lives in the sea, in rivers, lakes, and clouds.

Now, what is this giant's name?

32.—TAMING GIANTS.

II.

There is another giant, who will live only where there is plenty to eat. He can eat butter, bacon, wood, paper, hay, and coal. He will drink oil and spirits, but he does not like water.

Sometimes he gets out of prison and devours trees and forests, ships and houses, and leaves nothing behind. He has consumed towns and cities, killed the people, and robbed them of all they had.

He can travel very fast, if he meets with food that he likes; but he is very lazy if he dislikes the food that is given to him.

Long ago, some nations worshipped this giant, and feared him very much. They did not know how to carry him about from place to place.

Sometimes he kept out of the way when he was really needed, and at other times he would appear suddenly and eat up many of the people.

But since men have become better ac-

quainted with his nature, he has been tamed, and made to work.

He can be a good servant to those who know how to manage him. He is very greedy, and cannot live without a constant supply of food.

He is an expert cook. He can roast beef, fry ham, bake bread, and boil eggs. But he must be watched, or he will spoil everything that he is asked to cook.

He is a great friend to those who work in metals. He can make iron so soft that it may be bent to any shape.

He can melt lead, and make it run like water. He has the same strange power over gold and silver.

But, while he softens metals, he hardens some other substances. Our cups, saucers, and plates are formed of soft clay, which he has made firm and strong.

If a piece of clay be moulded into the form of a brick, he can make it almost as hard as a stone.

If carefully watched and properly fed, this giant will serve you well. But if you give him too much to eat and allow him too much

freedom, he will rob you of all that you have, and, perhaps, take away your life. His greatest foe is water.

Now, what is his name?

33.—LITTLE ROBERT, THE TRAPPER.*

One morning, while the pitmen were at work in a coal-mine, they heard a noise louder than thunder. In a moment every lamp was out, and men and boys threw down their tools and ran.

It is Tuesday. The men reach the bottom of the shaft, and count their number. Five are missing,—four men, and one little trapper, Robert Lester.

People above hear the noise, and rush to the mouth of the pit. The workmen are taken up. Oh, the agony of the wives and mothers of those who are left behind!

Brave men go back to their rescue. When

* The person who sits at the trap-door which leads out of the passage of the mine. Boys are often employed for this work.

they reach the spot, they find nothing but a heap of ruins. They shout, but there is no answer.

Up go pickaxes and shovels, to clear the way. It is great labor, and there is fearful risk. Men flock from all quarters to offer their help. How they work!

Towards night they hear something. It is not a voice, but a tapping. It can just be heard. "Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!" five times, and then it stops. Clink, clink, five times again, and again it stops. Five more, and then a stop.

What does it mean? One man guesses. There are five missing, and the five clinks show that five are alive, waiting for deliverance. A shout of joy goes up from the pit.

How does it fare with the prisoners? They were frightened, like the rest, by that sudden and awful noise. Little Robert left his door, and ran to the men, who well knew what it meant.

Waiting till everything was quiet, they went forward to examine the passage-way Robert had left. It was blocked up. They

tried another; that also was blocked up. Oh, fearful thought,—they were buried alive!

The men went back to the boy. “I want to go home; oh, please do let me go home,” said little Robert.

“Yes, yes, as soon as we find a way out, my little man,” said Truman, in a kind yet husky voice.

The air grew close and suffocating, and they took their oil-cans and food-bags to one of the galleries where it was better.

Truman and Logan were religious men. “What shall we do next?” Truman asked.

“There is but one thing we can do,” said Logan. “God says, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.’”

They all knelt down. Poor little Robert cried bitterly. But as the two pitmen prayed,—first the one and then the other,—the hearts of all grew lighter, and even the little trapper dried his tears.

They then got their pickaxes; but what a hopeless task it seemed, to cut through that terrible mass of earth and stones to daylight!

Their hearts beat with hope and joy

when they first heard the sound of their friends working on the other side. It was then that they made the clink, clink, with their pickaxes, which was heard by their deliverers, and which so much encouraged these in their work.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday passed, and no rescue. What dark and dreadful days! Worse than all, the sounds beyond did not seem to draw nearer.

At last Saturday came. This was the fifth day; and men outside knew that there was not a moment to lose. They were too anxious even to speak. It was only work, work, work, for dear life. For hours they had heard no knocks. Were their poor comrades dead?

Suddenly the wall was broken through, a passage was made, and feeble voices were heard.

“Truman, are you there?”

“Yes; all here.”

“All living?”

“Yes, thank God, all living.”

“All living! all living!” shouted the men; and the shout went up to the mouth

of the pit. When Robert's father heard that his son was alive, the good news was too much for him, and he fell senseless.

One hour more, and the men rescued their comrades. Who can describe the meeting, or the joy and gratitude of wives, mothers, and friends, as one and another were brought up to the light?

What a cry of joy rent the air as Mr. Lester, with Robert in his arms, came in sight! "Safe! safe! God be praised!"

34.—LITTLE LIVE CANDLES.

You will laugh at the idea of candles coming out of the sea,—live ones, too. I fear you will hardly believe me when I tell you that quart bottles can be had for the gathering.

I want to tell you how the Indians, who live on the shore, get their light for the winter evenings. Their candles are small fish, so very fat that they burn readily.

The candle-fish are very fond of coming

to the top of the water when the moon shines. The Indian goes out in his canoe, and very softly steals up among them.

He holds in his hand a sort of comb. It is big enough to be great-grandfather to common combs. The teeth are made of sharp bones or pointed nails.

The Indian sweeps his comb through the water with all his strength. It comes up half full of fish, sticking to the dreadful teeth.

Holding it over the canoe, he gives it a rap, and the fish fall off. Thus he keeps on till his boat is full of the silvery little fellows.

The next thing is to dry them. The squaws string them on a stick, running it through their eyes. Then they hang them up in the wigwam to dry and smoke.

The upper part of an Indian wigwam is the best place in the world to smoke things, for it is always thick with smoke.

When the beautiful little fish are all dry, the squaws take a long wooden needle and thread it with a stringy bark. This they draw through the fish from head to tail. It is for the wick, and the fish is so fat it will burn like a candle.

Not all of them are burned, however; the Indians like them to eat. When they have laid up enough for that purpose, they make oil of the rest, by heating and pressing.

Then comes the need of something to hold the oil. They have only to gather them out of the sea, to have all the quart bottles they want.

These bottles are the hollow stems of a water-plant. It grows very large, and near the root swells out into a natural bottle. The Indians cut off the stems, fill them with oil, and cork them up.

There is another article of food the Indians get from the sea.

How do you think it would feel, when you are lying in bed at home, to have a big stick pushed under you?

How would you like to be jerked up through the top of the house, out into the light, then to be seized by a big red giant and thrown into a basket with other stolen children?

That is what happens to the poor little clams who live in the sand-bank on the sea-shore.

When the water is over the sand, Mr. Clam buries himself two feet deep.

By and by the water goes back and leaves the beach bare. Now, if the clam would only keep quiet, he could never be found. But he has a funny fashion of spirting up little jets of sea-water, several inches high.

The squaw takes a long stick and goes after him. When he spirts up the water, she pushes the stick under him. Then she pries him out and throws him into her basket.

I don't suppose he is much frightened at first, for he has a good strong shell. He shuts it up, certain that no one can open it.

But that doesn't worry Madam Squaw. She knows a very cunning trick to make him open his shell.

She lays him on a pile of red-hot stones, and sits down with a sharp stick in her hand to wait till he chooses to open.

She doesn't wait long, for the heat soon gets through his shell.

"Whew!" he says to himself, "this is getting a little too hot! I don't hear any noise, and I guess the red giant has gone away. I must have a sniff of fresh air."

So he opens his shell a little. Madam Squaw pushes her stick into the door, and he can't shut it again. Then she takes a knife and gets him out—dead, of course.

When she has a pile of them, she threads her long wooden needle. She strings them like dried apples, and hangs them up to smoke in her smoke-house.

She has to prepare a good many strings of dried clams before summer is over, or she and her babies would starve in winter. They don't like starving any better than you do, if they do eat such strange things.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

“A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.”

WHITTIER.



35.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

I.

Once upon a time a beautiful child was born, the daughter of a king and a queen. The king could hardly contain himself for joy, and determined to give a great feast in honor of the event.

He invited not only his relations and friends, but also the wise women, who could endow his daughter with fairy gifts. There were thirteen of these wise women, but only

twelve were invited; and twelve golden plates were placed for them.

As the feast drew to an end, the wise women came forward to present to the child their wonderful gifts. The first gave her virtue, the second beauty, the third riches, and so to the eleventh; their gifts including all that can be wished for in the world.

Before the twelfth could speak, in walked the thirteenth. She was in a terrible rage at not having been invited to the feast; and, without noticing any one, she cried in a loud voice,—

“In her fifteenth year the king’s daughter shall wound her finger with a spindle, and shall fall down dead.” Without another word, she turned round, and left the hall.

The twelfth, who had not yet spoken, stepped forward. She could not alter the wicked decree, but she could soften it. So she said,—

“The king’s daughter shall not die, but a deep sleep shall fall upon her, in which she shall remain for a hundred years.”

The child grew up to be the delight of her parents. But as she approached her

fifteenth year the king became very unhappy. He commanded that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt.

The young princess was so beautiful, so amiable, and so clever, that those who saw her could not help loving her. This only made her parents more anxious, especially when they were absent from the castle.

It happened one day that the king and the queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left at home alone. She took a fancy into her head that she would explore the castle. So she walked from room to room, till at last she came to an old tower.

She climbed the narrow, winding staircase which led to a little door. In the lock there was a rusty key, and as she turned it the door sprang open; and there, in a small room, sat an old woman spinning flax.

“Good-morning, old lady,” said the princess. “What are you doing?”

“I am spinning,” she replied, nodding her head.

“And what is this funny thing that twists round so briskly?” the princess asked,

taking the spindle in her hand and trying to spin. Scarcely had she given the wheel one turn when the point of the spindle stuck into her finger.

In that very moment she fell back on a bed that stood near, while a deep sleep came upon her, and not only on the princess, but also on all the inhabitants of the castle,—the king and the queen, who had returned and were in the state chamber, and all their household with them.

This deep sleep fell also on the horses in the stable, the dogs in the outer court, the pigeons on the roof, and the flies on the wall. Even the fire that flickered on the hearth became still and slept; the meat before the fire ceased roasting; the cook in the kitchen let his hand drop, and sank to sleep.

Outside, the wind lay calmly at rest, and not a leaf stirred on the trees. In a few hours there sprung up around the castle a hedge of thorns, which grew higher and higher, till at last nothing could be seen of the castle, not even the roof, nor the flag on the tower.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 3.



36.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

II.

And so the years went by; and a report spread over the country of the “sleeping beauty.” From time to time the sons of kings came to the spot, and tried to force their way through the hedge of thorns. But the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them. Not being able to free themselves, there they died.

At length another prince came to that part of the country. He heard an old man relate the story of the wonderful beauty who had slept for nearly a hundred years.

He was told that many kings’ sons had sought to pass the thorn hedge, but had been caught and pierced by the thorns. Then said the young man, “I have no fear; I am determined to discover the lovely princess.”

The hundred years were at an end, and the day had come for the maiden to be awakened from her long sleep. When the

prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed into a hedge of beautiful flowers. They parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed again behind him like a wall.

When he reached the castle yard, he saw the horses and hunting-dogs lying asleep. On the roof sat the pigeons, with their heads tucked under their wings.

He found the same silence in the castle. The cook, the kitchen-maid, and even the flies on the wall, still slept. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court lying asleep, and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and the queen.

So deep was the stillness that he could hear his own breathing. He wandered on from room to room, till he reached the tower where the beautiful princess lay asleep.

When he saw how lovely she was, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her. At the touch she opened her eyes and awoke, and with her the whole household.

At first they all stared at one another with wide-open eyes, but not for long. The

horses got up and shook themselves, the dogs wagged their tails, the pigeons plumed their feathers and flew into the field; even the fire burned into a steady blaze to roast the dinner; and, more than all this, the thorn hedge round the castle disappeared.

The king and the queen now remembered that they were to sleep a hundred years. When those around came to visit the awakened sleepers, they were amused and surprised at their strange dresses. In this hundred years the fashions had changed.

The prince, however, did not care for this: he loved the princess for herself, and not for her dress.

In a short time their marriage was celebrated with great splendor.

GRIMM.

“The heroes are not all six feet tall;
Large souls may dwell in bodies small.
The heart that will melt with sympathy
For the poor and the weak, whoe’er it be,
Is a thing of beauty, whether it shine
In a man of forty or a lad of nine.”

37.—THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

I.

It was very cold; the snow fell, and it was almost dark; for it was evening,—yes, the last evening of the year.

Amid the cold and darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was walking through the streets.

It is true she had a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large slippers; so large, indeed, that they had hitherto been used by her mother. Besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street to avoid two carriages that were driving quickly past.

One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other was pounced upon by a boy, who ran away with it, saying that it would serve for a cradle when he should have children of his own.

So the little girl went along, a perfect picture of misery,—poor little thing! The snow-flakes covered her long, flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls round her throat; but she heeded them not.

Lights were streaming from all the windows, and there was a pleasant smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. And this she did heed.

She now sat down, crouching in a corner formed by two houses, one of which extended beyond the other. She had drawn her feet under her, but she felt colder than ever; yet she dared not go home, for she had not sold a match, and could not bring home a penny.

She would certainly be beaten by her father; and, besides, it was very cold at home, for they had only a roof above them, and the wind came through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her little hands were nearly frozen with cold. Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers.

So, at last she drew one out. Ah! how it shed sparks, and how it burned! It gave out a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, as she held her hands over it: truly it was a wonderful sight!

It really seemed to the little girl as if she

were sitting before a large iron stove, with polished brass feet, and brass shovel and tongs.

The fire burned so brightly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when, lo! the flame expired, the stove vanished, and left nothing but the half-burned match in her hand.

38.—THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

II.

She rubbed another match against the wall. It gave a light, and where it shone upon the wall the latter became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room.

A snow-white table-cloth was spread upon the table, on which stood a splendid china dinner-service, while a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes sent forth the most savory fumes.

And, what was more delightful still to see, the goose jumped down from the dish, and

waddled along the ground, with a knife and fork in its breast, up to the poor girl. The match then went out, and nothing remained but the thick, damp wall.

She lit yet another match. She now sat under the most magnificent Christmas-tree, that was larger, and more superbly decked, than even the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's.

A thousand tapers burned on its green branches, and gay pictures, such as one sees on shields, seemed to be looking down upon her. She stretched out her hands, but the match then went out.

The Christmas lights kept rising higher and higher. They now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down, and left a long streak of fire. "Somebody is now dying," thought the little girl,—for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all round. In the brightness stood her old grandmother,

clear and shining like a spirit, yet looking so mild and loving.

“Grandmother,” cried the little one, “oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out,—you will vanish like the warm stove, and the delicious roast goose, and the fine, large Christmas-tree!”

And she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. The matches gave a light that was brighter than noonday, but her soul had gone upward where there was neither cold nor hunger.

In the cold dawn the poor girl might be seen leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth. She had been frozen on the last night of the old year.

The New Year’s sun shone upon the little dead girl. She sat still holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned. People said, “She tried to warm herself.” Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendor she had entered, along with her grandmother, upon the joys of the New Year.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

39.—LUCY GRAY.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green,
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night ;
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father, will I gladly do :
’Tis scarcely afternoon ;
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a fagot-band ;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
“ In heaven we all shall meet ; ”—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small,
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,—
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

40.—THE TOWN MUSICIANS.

I.

A donkey who had carried sacks to the mill for his master for many long years, felt his strength failing. At last he could no longer work for his living.

His master thought of getting rid of his old servant, that he might save the expense of keeping him. But the donkey found out his intentions, and decided to run away.

So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band playing. He thought he could be as musical as they were.

He had not travelled far when he saw a hound lying on the road, and gasping for breath, as if he were tired of running.

“Why are you panting so, friend?” asked the donkey.

“Ah,” he replied, “now that I am old, and can go no more to the hunt, my master has ordered me to be killed. So I have decided to run away. But how I am to earn my living I do not know.”

“Will you go with me?” asked the don-

key. "Do you know, I am going to try my fortune as a street musician in Bremen? I think you and I could easily earn a living by music. I can play the lute, and you can beat the kettle-drum."

The dog was glad to accept the invitation, and so they both walked on together.

Not long after, they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now, what has come across you, old Whiskers?" asked the donkey.

"How can one be merry when he has a collar on?" said the cat. "I am now getting old, and my teeth are becoming stumps. I cannot catch mice, and I like to lie behind the stove and purr. But when I found they were going to drown me and my wife, I ran away as fast as I could. My experience has cost me dear; and now what am I to do?"

"Go with us to Bremen," said the donkey. "You are used to performing night music, I know. So you can easily become a street musician in the town."

"With all my heart," said the cat. So he walked on with them.

After travelling some little distance, the three runaways came to a farm-yard. On the gate stood a cock, screaming with all his might.

“Why are you standing there on your marrow-bones and screaming so?” said the donkey.

“I will tell you,” replied the cock. “I foretold fine weather at Lady-day, when the family went to perform some of their religious work, and the weather was fine.

“But the housekeeper has no pity, for I heard the cook say that there is company coming on Sunday, and that she shall want me to put in the soup. So this evening my head will come off: therefore I shall scream at the top of my voice as long as I can.”

“Listen, Red-Comb,” said the donkey. “Would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen: you will find something better there than to be made into soup; you have a fine voice, and we are all musical by nature.”

The cock at once accepted the invitation, and they all four went together.



41.—THE TOWN MUSICIANS.

II.

They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day. Evening came on just as they entered a wood, and there they decided to stay all night.

The donkey and the hound laid themselves under a large tree, but the cat made himself comfortable on one of the branches. The cock flew to the top of the tree, where he felt quite safe.

Before they slept, the cock, who from his high position could see in all directions,

noticed a tiny spark burning in the distance. Calling to his companions, he told them that he was sure they could not be far from a house, for he could see a light shining.

"Then," said the donkey, "we must rouse up and go on to this light. There must be a refuge for us."

And the hound said he should be glad of a little piece of meat, or a couple of bones, if he could get nothing else.

So they were soon on their way to the place where the light shone. It grew larger and brighter as they approached it, when they saw that it was a robbers' cave. The donkey, who was the tallest, went near and looked in.

"What do you see, old Gray Horse?" said the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey; "why, a table laid out, with plenty to eat and drink, and robbers enjoying themselves."

"That ought to be our supper," said the cock.

"Yes, yes," the donkey replied, "if we were only inside."

Then the animals talked over what they

had better do to drive the robbers away. At last they decided upon a plan.

The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his forefeet upon the window-sill, and the dog was to stand on his back. The cat was then to climb on the dog, and above them all the cock was to perch upon the cat's head.

When this was done, at a signal given, they all began to perform their music, together.

The donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed, with such tremendous force that it made the window rattle.

The robbers, hearing so unearthly a noise, fled in great terror to the woods. Then the companions rushed in and took whatever was on the table. They ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When they had finished, they put out the light and looked about for a place to sleep.

The donkey laid himself down at full length in the yard; the dog lay down behind the door; the cat rolled himself up in

a warm corner on the hearth, and the cock perched on a beam under the roof. All were soon fast asleep.

About midnight, seeing that the light was out, and that all was quiet, one of the robbers said, "I do not think there was any cause for fear, after all."

So he went back into the kitchen and began to strike a light. Seeing the glaring eyes of the cat looking like two live coals, he held a match towards them to find if it would light. But puss, understanding such sport, sprang up, spit at him, and scratched his face.

This frightened him so much that he rushed to the door. But the dog, who lay there, sprang out upon him and bit him in the leg.

In the yard he ran against the donkey, who gave him a kick with his hind foot. The cock cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran back to his companions as fast as he could go.

"Ah me!" he said, "in that house there is a terrible witch, who flew at me and scratched my face with her long fingers.

“Then a man by the door stabbed me in the leg with a knife. Out in the yard lay a black monster, who struck me a terrible blow with his wooden leg; while under the roof sat a judge, who said, ‘Bring here the scoundrels to me.’ On that I made off as fast as possible.”

The robbers never again entered the house, but escaped from the place as quickly as they could.

The last heard of the four musicians was, that they intended to remain there.

GRIMM.

42.—PASS IT ON.

I.

This story is told of one of our great preachers of to-day. He was once on his way home from school for the holidays, on a steamer. He had paid his fare, using up all his money to do it.

He had just enough, no more, and was going his happy way by water towards home. Miles were passed, hours were gone,

and he was sitting upon the deck. He was enjoying, as school-boys can, the delights of his own thoughts and the beautiful world, when suddenly he came into great trouble.

On his little voyage, when the steward had sounded his bell, he had gone down into the steamer's saloon. He had taken his meals like the rest, with a boy's joyous heart and the relish given to his appetite by the breeze, honestly believing that he had paid for it all in his fare.

But just as the steamer came in sight of the town to which he was going, the steward, with his gold-banded cap, stood before him, and surprised him by saying, "Your bill, sir," holding out to him a bit of paper on which what he owed was written.

"I have no money!" the boy exclaimed, looking up at the steward, turning pale, and feeling very much ashamed to find that he had been eating his meals under such a mistake.

The steward looked displeased, and said, "Then I shall have to keep your baggage, sir. Please give me your name."

The boy gave his name and his address, all the while feeling that he was looking very much like a caught thief. But upon hearing the name, the look and manner of the steward instantly changed.

Lifting his cap to the confused boy, he put out his hand and said, "I should like very much to shake hands with you, my boy. I'll pay your bill for you." The boy was, of course, astonished.

The steward continued, "I'm glad to have a chance to make some return for the many kindnesses of your father to my mother when she was so long ill."

In that steward's heart had sprung a joyful sense of the debt he owed to that boy's noble father. He felt that it was good to pay it and relieve his thankfulness.

And the load of the little man's trouble was gone. With quick steps he went home to his father's house to tell him all that had happened.

"Ah," said the father, "see how a bit of kindness lives! He has passed it on to you. When you meet anybody in need, be sure you pass it on to him."

43.—PASS IT ON.

II.

Years had gone by, and that boy, now grown up, stood at a railway office window, waiting for his turn for a ticket. Next before him was a little fellow who had asked for his ticket. On receiving it and hearing how much it was, he looked up at the clerk and said, in a distressed voice, "If you please, sir, I have not enough money."

"I can't let you have the ticket, then," was the prompt reply. "Move on."

The little face blanched and the sound of not very distant tears was in his voice as he timidly but frankly said, "I'll send you the money, sir." He was a few cop-pers short. But the clerk again bade him move on.

The little fellow was turning to go, with a hopeless feeling, and deeply sensible of something like a stone in his heart.

The boy of whom I have told you, now grown to be a man, suddenly understood it all. The long-forgotten experience on the steamer flashed upon his memory.

"I'll pay for you," he promptly said, calling the boy back. And with genuine joy for the chance, he asked, "How much is it?"

The money was paid, the ticket was taken, and the load of the lad's distress was rolled away.

Then the big friend got into the same car with him, and told him the story of his own boyhood's trouble on the steamer. He told him of his father's advice, "Pass it on," and of the real joy it had been to him to be of use to-day.

Thus the same advice was given to the wondering and grateful lad, "Pass it on."

The last the two saw of each other was at the station where the gentleman left the train. He stood on the platform waving his hand, the boy leaning out of the window of the starting train, waving his handkerchief, as if in promise to "pass it on."

Thus, as you will see, a kindness is doubly blessed. It is a blessing to him who receives it, and it blesses him again as he "passes it on."

44.—LITTLE BY LITTLE.

“Little by little,” an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
“I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away.”
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew.

Downward it sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day by day, and year by year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Down in the depths of the dark blue sea
An insect train work ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each alone in its little cell,
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play.

Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air
Little by little bring verdure there,

Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

“Little by little,” said a thoughtful boy,
“Moment by moment I’ll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play,
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.

“Little by little I’ll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we’ll see
That the world will be the better for me.”
And do not you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

45.—THE BABY THAT LIVES IN A BOX.

One queer little fellow, whose home is at the bottom of the sea, lives in a box about as big as an egg-shell. He is called a Sea Urchin.

He always lives in one house. When he is a baby, about the size of a pea, the house is just big enough for him. When he grows

to be as big as an egg, the same house has to do for him.

Of course it has to be made larger. It is not done as we make our houses larger, by adding wings, or by building it a story higher. He just goes to work and makes his house larger all over.

Although it seems to be made of one piece, like an egg-shell, it is in fact made of six hundred pieces. They fit together so nicely that one can hardly see where they join.

The little Sea Urchin finds lime in the sea-water. He takes it and makes his house larger at every joint, so that it is always the right size for him.

When he walks about, he has to take his house with him. Aren't you glad you don't have to carry your house about with you wherever you go? If you did, you would want it to fit you, as the Urchin's house fits him.

His back is covered with green and purple needles called spines. He looks very much like a chestnut burr.

Every spine is fastened to the shell by a

ball-and-socket joint,—the most perfect joint known.

More than that, the Urchin can raise the spines and lay them down again at will. To do this, requires several muscles for every spine.

As the common Sea Urchin has at least twelve hundred spines, you can fancy the great number of muscles needed in this small body.

Besides his prickly spines, he has many feet,—little hollow tubes, with suckers at the ends. He has about a thousand of these: so you see he has no trouble to get on in the world.

His feet come through holes which are placed in rows all over his body. He walks by turning over and over like a ball.

Sometimes his head—if he can be said to have a head—is up, and sometimes it is down.

But spines for protection, and feet for walking, are not all that the Urchin carries outside of his shell.

There are many things that look like spines. They have a sort of three-bladed

end, which opens and shuts. Wise men have not yet found out their use.

He has teeth to eat with, also. There are five of them. They come down below his shell and meet at a point.

They are very hard at their points and soft at their bases. As they wear off at the end, they grow longer from the top.

He is supposed to dine sometimes on some of his neighbors. Shells have been found in his stomach.

He hollows out a house for himself in the hardest rock, by turning round and round against it with his shell. Droll enough it looks to see a family of Sea Urchins sitting in holes in a rock.

He sometimes digs holes in the sand with his spines, throwing the sand up as he works, and sinking slowly down. Then he uses the spines on his back to draw the sand over him, so as to hide himself.

But he has no idea of being buried alive. He arranges a hole with the same useful spines, through which he breathes and receives the sea-water.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 4.

46.—THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

Our body is a beautiful house which God has made for us to live in. It has eyes for its windows, which give us a peep out over the fields.

This house has a beating heart for a fire, which sends out warmth and rosy color into all its rooms. It has also a wonderful mind, which gives light within it, like a lighted lamp shedding its rays all over a room.

It is fitted up to make it a very pleasant and comfortable dwelling. It is just small enough for us when we are babies, and just large enough for us when we are men and women.

We have to live in it only for a time, and when we leave it we go to another house,—a mansion in the heavens.

We grow to love this house, and we leave it at last with pain and many regrets. But we shall like the other better when we come to know more about it. It must be so; for God, who also made this other house, is love.

Is it not wonderful that you can go about

with this house of yours from place to place? It is a beautiful moving tower of flesh and bone. It has feet to move, arms to dig and row and work, and a wonderful head to guide it all.

It is made useful in a thousand ways. Happy little children can roll and tumble about in it, and not harm it; and they can run and jump, or coast and slide.

It has powers for laughing and crying, and for making shouts of joy or distress. When it is healthy, it is the most enjoyable thing in all the world.

When it is tired, it has the power to slip off to bed, lay itself down, and go to sleep. It can rest until it is quite rid of its fatigue and feels fresh and strong again.

Then it wakes up and wants its breakfast. After that, it can run and jump, just as it did the day before.

Still more wonderful, your little body can learn to draw pictures with its fingers, and to play tunes on a piano, or an organ, or a harp. Its feet can learn to dance, its eyes to smile, its lips to kiss, its ears to hear, and its tongue to talk.

It is a wonderful house, this body that the Lord has made for us. And to have made it out of dust is the most wonderful thing of all.

God has given two care-takers to this body which has such liberty and so many pleasures. They are to keep it clean, and happy, and well.

First, he gives to every one a mother. The little feet to go about with, it does not know how to use: mother teaches it how. It needs warm coats and stockings for winter-time, and can neither make nor mend them: mother looks after these things.

It is hungry and thirsty, but cannot get breakfast for itself: mother sees to this also. She is thoughtful and tender for it, and saves it all care and trouble as to what it shall eat and what it shall drink.

Then, every little body has a father, who is made stronger than a mother. Father earns the money to pay for the clothes, to find the home, and to defend it.

When the little body is ill, he gets the doctor and pays for it to be made well. He buys it the fire and bed and food which the

mother makes for it. Mother and father are the two care-takers.

We have nothing which is so precious to us as the house we live in, which we wash with water and feed with food.

We are very thankful for our dolls and rocking-horses; we love the kind friends who gave them to us; but the God who gave us our hands and feet, our eyes and hearts, gave us greater and better gifts. And he gave them out of a desire for our happiness.

When these bodies are warm and clean and healthy, and our hearts are pure and loving, we are just what God meant us to be.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

“Oh, blessed things are children,—
The gifts of heavenly love!
They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
And better things above;
They link us with the spirit world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of our youth.”

47.—SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Never tell an untruth. When you are relating anything that you have seen or heard, tell it exactly as it happened or as it was told to you.

Do not alter or invent any part, to make, as you may think, a prettier story. If you have forgotten any part, say that you have forgotten it. Persons who love the truth never tell a lie even in jest.

Consider well before you make a promise. If you say you will do a thing, and you do not do it, you tell a lie; and who will then trust or believe you?

Never allow yourself to use bad language. Avoid listening to profane and filthy words; or, if you hear them, try to forget them. And if you cannot forget them (for they are very hard to 'forget), at least never let them cross your lips.

When you have done wrong, do not deny it, even if you are afraid you will be punished for it. If you are sorry for what you have done, and try to behave better in future,

people will seldom be angry with you, or punish you.

They will love you for speaking the truth ; they will think that they may always believe what you say, because they know that you will not tell a lie, even to hide a fault or to prevent yourself from being punished.

Boys who wish to become successful in business, or respected in any pursuit of life, can lay no surer foundation than by forming the habit of always speaking the truth.

If the habit is not formed in childhood, the chances are that it never will become firmly fixed.

48.—MY KINGDOM.

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell ;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my will and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good ?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way ?
How can I tune my wayward heart
To sweetly sing all day ?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear ;
Teach me to lean on Thee and feel
That Thou art very near,—
That no temptation is unseen,
No pain or grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

49.—A FATHER'S LOVE.

It was late in the morning when a father and his son went out upon the beach to take a bath in the salt water.

The bath-house stood close by the water, and one could wade a long distance without getting beyond his depth.

It was just the place where a boy could swim and a man could walk, and dip, and plunge. The sea was bright and smooth, with a gentle swell upon it.

The bath was nearly over, when the father observed a high wave rolling towards the shore. In ten seconds it would be upon them. He quickly seized his boy's arm and made for the bath-house as fast as the water would permit. But before he could reach it the wave had overtaken them.

If he could have thrown his boy upon the shore, he would have done so, to save him.

But love in this world has not half the power it would like to have. The wave at once lifted him off his feet, and swept him headlong. It carried him between the bath-

houses, which a moment before were three feet above the water-level.

In the wild rush, the boy was at once under water, but held firmly by his father's left hand. The father would rather have been drowned a thousand times than have let that little fellow go.

The huge wave was carrying them onward, when, mindful of its terrible recoil, the father seized whatever his hand could lay hold of. He took a long breath and prepared to hold on until the wave had reached its highest point and had returned.

He drew his boy nearer and nearer to him, lest he should lose hold of him. The wave rushed on, rising high above their heads. The father heard nothing, felt nothing, saw nothing, but the body of his son.

Nothing but the stake to which he clung stood between them both and death. The father's care was not for himself; it was for the small body he was holding so close to him.

When the wave returned, it seemed as if all the gravel of the shore was flying and galloping back. One great sob, and he was

in the air again. His grip had not failed ; the struggle was over.

The water sank lower and lower, and the man stood higher and higher in the bright sunshine. Both had escaped death.

Children, do you know what wonderful things God gives you in father and mother ? When you are in danger, both give their own lives to save you, if necessary. Do you not see why you should love, honor, and obey them ?

50.—LITTLE BOY BLUE.

You have heard the story I now will tell
Of little Boy Blue, and what befell
That famous lad, on a summer day,
When the farmers were busy making hay :
They left him to watch the cows and the
 sheep,
And little Boy Blue fell fast asleep.

His sleep was as sweet as the fragrant hay,
When with his head on his arm he lay.

By his side was lying the silent horn,
While the cows held revel among the corn,
And into the meadows still followed the
 sheep,
While little Boy Blue lay fast asleep.

The rustling leaves of the orchard trees,
The drowsy hum of the droning bees,
The rippling song of a rivulet near,
Like a lullaby softly fell on his ear ;
But the house-maids and farm-hands are
 calling for you,
So wake from your slumber, my little Boy
 Blue.

My story, though brief, has a moral that's
 clear :
Watch well at your post when temptation
 is near ;
If voices of evil allure you to sleep,
You may waken to evils far worse than the
 sheep :
Beware of the herds of intemperance and
 sin ;
While you carelessly sleep, they creep silently
 in.

51.—THE FIRST STORY-WRITER.

One day, many hundreds of years ago, as a princess, the daughter of the Egyptian king Pharaoh, was going down to the river for her evening bath, she saw a little basket floating among the reeds and lilies at the water's edge.

In it she found a baby, three months old, with tears in his pretty eyes, and miserable because he was wrapped up so tightly.

"This is some Hebrew woman's baby," she said. And the woman's heart went out to it. Her father had ordered all Hebrew women to kill their boy babies, for the Hebrews were fast becoming too numerous to please him.

The daughter pitied the crying babe, and the poor mother also, who could not obey the king's terrible command.

The princess called a Hebrew girl who was seen standing near, and sent her for a woman to come and nurse the child. It was the little baby's own sister, and she brought her mother.

Does it not seem as if God had told the

girl to do what she had done? It was at His bidding that the mother had made this little boat and had sent it floating along the river to the place where the king's daughter bathed.

In the nursery of the palace, Moses—for this was the child's name—grew up, with his own mother for a nurse. While he was still very young, the wise men of Egypt took him under their charge and taught him in all the learning of the country.

But when he became a man, Moses felt that the mighty power in him was the living God about whom his mother had taught him while he was in the nursery.

As a small child, he had learned of God from his mother. She had filled and shaped his whole life. So you see why he thought that the way to make a grown-up nation good was to make its children good.

The wise men of Egypt taught Moses to write, and he used this gift in writing the wonderful story of the creation.

One of the first stories that Moses wrote is doubtless the book of Genesis. This word comes from the Greek language, and

means beginning; and the book of Genesis tells us the story of the beginning of things.

It starts with the beginning of the earth, then tells of the beginning of man, and next of the beginning of farming, and the beginning of trade, and the beginning of music.

All beginnings are from God, and everything that He has done is of interest to man. God put life into the sun and metal into the mountain, and said to man, "Now work: the sun is in the sky to give you light, and I am at your side to give you strength and heart."

At what time the creation stories of Moses were first told to man, none can tell. They may have been whispered by an angel when the world and mankind lived in rude huts, rough as the beaver's home.

The whole story of how God made the world is full of nursery feeling. It lies in all those oft-repeated musical words, "and it was so."

Did you ever consider how beautiful are the words "And God said, Let there be a firmament, and it was so; and God said,

- Let the earth bring forth grass, and it was so ; and God said, Let there be lights in the firmament, and it was so" ? Think, also, of the oft-repeated "And God saw that it was good."

To get hold of these truths from God is the way to make a nation good ; and as there were no churches then to read them in, as there are nowadays, home was the place in which they were said and sung.

There were no preachers then ; mothers and fathers were the preachers. And as for the Sunday-school in which the creation's tale was told, it was that to which they went when the work of the day was done, when with their fathers they stepped into the out-door world for an evening stroll.

It was where the oxen grazed in the fields, and the sparrows chirped in the bush, under the broad blue sky. There their good fathers told them how, "in the beginning," God made all things.

All their many words they did not remember, but that God made all things they did remember. Thus they grew up to be a religious people.

When you are older, and have learned all the wisdom which this world affords of the creation, you will have got but poor knowledge. You will have to return to the simple statement of Moses, that "God made the world."

Moses was not satisfied with the knowledge the Egyptians taught him, nor was he made better by it. It was the bountiful Maker and Giver of the wonderful world to man, who inspired Moses to write as he did.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy."

WHITTIER.



52.—THE LIFE-SAVING MEDAL.

A little girl was walking one day with her nurse near a sea-wall where boats were fastened.

She was a beautiful and attractive girl, but she was a little too fond of having her own way now and then. She thought she was old enough to take care of herself, and, although she had been told not to do so, she stepped upon the sea-wall, and walked along it.

She did not notice the iron rings in the great stones of the sea-wall, which were placed there to hold the boats. While she

was tripping along, enjoying the novel walk, and looking at the white boats with red seats, her foot caught in one of the rings, and she fell headlong into the deep water.

Happily, there stood at the end of the wall a noble, shaggy water-dog. He was intelligent, and very fond of children. From the moment he had seen the girl get upon the wall he seemed to look anxious, as if he knew it was a dangerous thing for her to do. He stood with his two hind-feet upon the ground and his two fore-feet on the wall, and watched her every movement.

As the child went on, he was contented to be in sight, watching in silence with every muscle ready. But as soon as the little foot stumbled, the dog bounded in the utmost haste to the place where she had fallen. As soon as she rose to the surface, he plunged in after her.

Seizing her carefully by the arm, he lifted her head and shoulders above the water, and swam straight for the shore. He did not try to scale the wall he had jumped. That would have been useless. But he swam straight for the end of the wall, where he

knew the shore was low, and where there were some people.

The place was a great summer resort, and many guests were standing on the beach. "There's a dog!" some one who was looking out upon the sea exclaimed, as the dog came in sight. "Why, he's got a child!" added several voices.

The dog paddled proudly forward. He was soon on the shore and had landed his burden. Eager hands were stretched out to offer assistance. A little crowd gathered round, and everybody patted and praised the dog.

But he took no notice of their praises, only by shaking the water from his shaggy coat, and scattering great drops on the clothes and faces of those who stood near. Then he looked eagerly at the child, to make sure that she was alive and all right.

As the nurse led her away to her home, he barked and bounded forward and backward, as if he could not be glad enough that she was safe.

The dog went to his own home. But the good people who were staying in the place

saw him every day, whenever there were any children playing near the water. It was not many days after, that a life-saving medal was seen fastened to his collar. It was made of silver, and was placed there by some men who had seen the heroic deed.

Every one has heard of Ida Lewis, who rescued many people from drowning at Newport. The fame of her heroic deeds has spread over all the world. She has received many medals, and many valuable presents.

Our country employs a large number of men, all along the sea-coast where there are dangerous rocks and places, to rescue people from drowning. Great storms drive ships upon these dangerous places every year, and many are drowned. But a great many are rescued by these brave men.

They not only receive pay for their dangerous work, but often a medal besides, which they prize more than money. Whenever any one performs some daring deed of this kind, the country presents him with a medal, which is thought to be the highest reward it can offer.

Everybody admires a hero. Was not

this dog a hero? Although he could care nothing for either money or medal, it was a beautiful act to place a medal upon his neck.

53.—THE DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Enwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale ;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Stays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

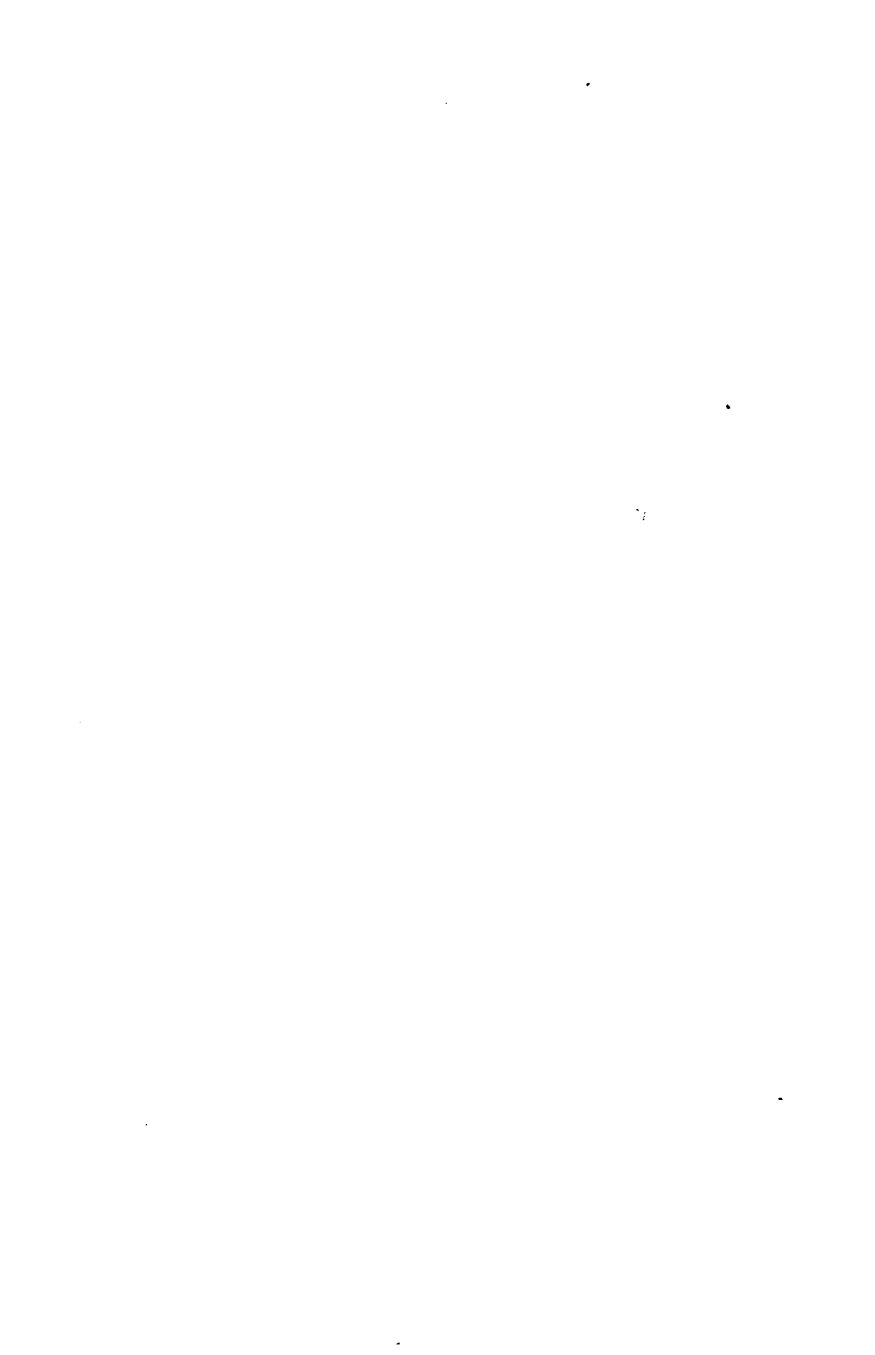
'Tis Flora's page : in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and moorland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise :
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—NO. 5.



54.—FARMING WITHOUT A BOY.

Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm.

He is always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

After everybody else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's,—waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterwards.

Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do,—things that must be done, or life would actually stop.

It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede,* they would tire before night.

He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the

* Centipede—a poisonous insect having many legs.

same way. This he sometimes tries to do ; and people who have seen him “turning cart-wheels” along the side of the road have supposed that he was amusing himself, and killing his time.

He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, and the family are waiting at the dinner-table, he is absent so long. He stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a penstock,* to put his hand over the spout and squirt the water a little while.

He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it ; he mows it away in the barn ; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows ; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug ; he drives the cows night and morning. Whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

Just before school, in winter he shovels paths ; in summer he turns the grindstone.

* Penstock—a sort of wooden hydrant.

He knows where there are lots of winter-green and sweet flag-root, but instead of going for them he has to stay in-doors and pare apples and stone raisins.

And yet he is an idle boy who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores! He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks. And yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy a liberal education in the way of chores.

A boy on a farm is nothing without pets; at least a dog, and probably rabbits, chickens, ducks, and guinea-hens. A guinea-hen suits a boy. It is entirely useless, and makes more noise than a Chinese gong.

I once had a young fox which a neighbor had caught. It is a mistake to suppose the fox cannot be tamed. Jacko was a very clever little animal, and behaved in all respects with propriety. He was a very graceful playfellow, and seemed to have an affection for me.

I preferred him to my dog, whom I had, with much patience, taught to go up a long hill alone, surround the cows, and drive them

home. He liked the fun of it at first, but by and by he seemed to get the notion that it was a "chore." When I whistled for him to go for the cows, he would turn tail, and run the other way, and the more I whistled and threw stones at him, the faster he would run.

His name was Turk, and I should have sold him, if he had not been the kind of dog that nobody will buy. I suppose he was not a cow-dog; but they called him a sheep-dog. At least, when he got big enough, he used to get into the pasture and chase the sheep to death. That was the way he got into trouble, and lost his life.

A dog is of great use on a farm, and that is the reason a boy likes him. He is good to bite peddlers and small children, and to run out and yelp at wagons that pass by, and to howl all night when the moon shines.

And yet, if I were a boy again, the first thing I would have should be a dog; for dogs are great companions, and as active and spry as a boy at doing nothing. They are also good to bark at woodchucks.

PART II.



1.—SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should knock her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group:
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back to his friends again he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

“She’s somebody’s mother, boys, you know,
For all she’s aged, and poor, and slow ;

“And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

“If ever she’s poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.”

And “somebody’s mother” bowed low her
head

In her home that night, and the prayer she
said

Was, “God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody’s son, and pride, and joy.”

2.—THE BRAVE WOMAN.

It was midwinter. The people were about to keep a great holiday. They had put up tents on the ice, and all the villagers, both young and old, were assembled in the open air.

Some were on skates, and some rode in sleighs. Music sounded in the tents, the young folks danced, and the old people sat around and talked.

Thus the day passed until the full moon rose.

Only one poor old woman was left behind in the village. She was sick and infirm, and could not walk. But, as her house stood upon the dike, she could watch the sport from her bed.

Towards evening she discovered, as she looked out over the sea, in the west, a small white cloud, just rising above the distant horizon.

Immediately a terrible anxiety seized her. She had been to sea with her husband, and understood the weather signs very well.

She thought, "In an hour the tidal wave will be here, a storm will burst upon them, and all will be lost."

Then she shouted, calling as loud as she could, but there was no one in her house besides herself, and the neighbors were all upon the ice. Nobody heard her.

In the mean time, the cloud became larger and blacker. A few minutes more, and the tidal wave would come, and the storm would burst upon them.

Then she gathered the little strength she

had, and crept on her hands and knees out of bed to the stove.

Fortunately, she found a brand left. She threw it into the straw of her bed, and crawled out of the house as fast as she could to save herself.

In a minute the little house was in flames, and the glow of the fire was seen from the ice. All rushed in great haste to the shore.

Already the wind had sprung up, and blew the snow-flakes over the ice. The ice began to crack and bend, and the wind increased to a tempest, as the last one set foot upon firm land. Then the ice broke, and the tidal wave reached the shore.

So the poor woman saved the whole village, and gave for its safety all that she possessed.

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased, nor written o'er again ;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee :
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall
be.

LONGFELLOW.

3.—THE STORY OF THE SUGAR.

Everybody likes sugar. The Christmas pudding would be nothing without it; and the plum-cake, and the tarts, and the custards, and all the nice things that children are so fond of, would have no sweet taste in them if it were not for the sugar.

But its range is much wider than this. It is found in the ripe peach on the wall, and in the juicy pear. The bee knows the taste of it well, and finds it hidden deep in the bell of the flower.

It lurks in the grape, and in the orange, and in other fruits too many to name. It finds its way into the stems of plants, and makes their juices sweet and delicious.

There is a tall, reed-like plant, with a yellow stem. It is called the sugar-cane, because there is so much sugar in it.

The sugar-cane grows in very hot countries, where many black people live, and, in some cases, where monkeys run about on the trees. The burning sun pours its rays full upon it; but this is what it likes, and what makes its juice so sweet.

A sugar plantation is a very pretty sight. The tall, yellow canes rustle in the wind; and at the top is a tuft of flowers, that looks like a silvery plume. Here and there black people are busy at work among them, hoeing and weeding. The women have blue and scarlet handkerchiefs tied round their heads, for they dearly love a bit of finery.

Sometimes in the middle of the night, when all is still and cool, and the moon is shining, a troop of monkeys comes racing down from the mountains near. Then woe betide the sugar-canes!

The monkeys like the taste of sugar. They clutch at the canes with their long fingers, and pull them up, and bite them, and do a great deal of mischief.

But, happily, the black man has a fancy for roast monkey, and he thinks it no trouble to sit watching hour after hour, with his gun in his hand, waiting for the monkeys.

Down they come at full speed, and do not all at once see him. Pop goes the gun, and one or other of the robbers is sure to be shot.

The juice of the canes forms the material

of the supply of sugar met with everywhere, in every town, village, and household.

Before it becomes sugar it has to go through many changes and pass through many hands. In the first place, the beautiful yellow canes are cut down close to the ground, and tied up in bundles. Then they are carried to the mill, where the big giant, Steam, sends great iron rollers over them, which squeeze out every drop of juice.

The juice runs into a tank and is there made hot, lest it should turn sour. A little lime is put in with it to make it clear, and then the liquor is boiled very fast indeed.

When it has left off boiling, and has been set to cool, it is full of sparkling crystals, which are real sugar. But the crystals are mixed up with a thick stuff that is called molasses, and this has to be separated from them.

The giant Steam is set to work, and performs this task very quickly. The liquor is poured off into the upper chamber of a large square iron box which is divided into two chambers by a partition made of wire like a sieve. Then the good-natured giant pumps

the air out of the lower chamber. The molasses comes down through the sieve into the lower box, leaving the sugar above. So we have both sugar and molasses. They are then packed in great casks and barrels and sent to all parts of the world.

“God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

“For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.”

4.—CHRISTMAS TURKEY, AND HOW IT CAME.

I.

“I know we couldn’t do it.”

“I say we could, if we all helped.”

“I’ve planned lots of ways; only you mustn’t laugh at them, and you mustn’t say a word to mother. I want it to be all a surprise.”

“She’ll find us out.”

“No, she won’t, if we tell her we won’t get into mischief.”

“Let’s hear your fine plans.”

“We must talk softly, or we shall wake father. He has a headache.”

A curious change came over the faces of the two boys as their sister lowered her voice, with a nod towards the half-open door.

They looked sad and ashamed, and Kitty sighed as she spoke, for all knew that father’s headaches always began with his coming home stupid and cross, with only a part of his wages.

They knew what it meant, but never spoke of it. They only pondered over it, and mourned with mother at the change

which was slowly altering their industrious father into a moody man.

Kitty was thirteen, and a very capable girl, who helped with the housekeeping, took care of the two little ones, and went to school. Tommy and Sammy looked up to her, and thought her a remarkably good sister.

"Well," began Kitty, "we all know that there won't be a bit of Christmas in this family if we don't make it. Mother is too busy, and father doesn't care. So we must see what we can do."

"So I say. I'm tired of fish and potatoes," said Sammy, the younger.

"But where's the dinner coming from?" asked Tommy.

"We'll earn it," said Kitty. "You, Tom, must go early to-morrow to Mr. Briskett and offer to carry baskets. He will be very busy, and will want you, I know; and you are so strong you can carry as much as some of the big fellows."

"What shall I do?" cried Sammy, while Tom sat turning this plan over in his mind.

"Take the old shovel and clean side-

walks. The snow came on purpose to help you."

"It's dreadful hard work, and the shovel's half gone," began Sammy, who preferred to spend his holiday coasting.

"I," continued Kitty, "have taken the hardest part of all; for after my work is done, and the babies safely settled, I am going to ask for some of the holly and pine that is swept out of the church, and make some wreaths, and sell them."

"If you can," put in Tommy, who had tried to sell pencils and had failed to make a fortune thereby.

"Not in the street?" cried Sammy, looking alarmed.

"Yes, at the corner of the Park. I am bound to make some money, and I don't see any other way. I shall put on an old hood and shawl, and no one will know me. I don't care if they do."

"I don't believe you will do it."

"See if I don't; for I will have a good dinner one day in the year."

For a moment the room was very still, as the snow beat on the window, and the fire-

light flickered over the six shabby little boots put on the stove hearth to dry.

Tommy's cheerful voice broke the silence, saying, stoutly, "Well, if I've got to work all day, I guess I'll go to bed early. We'll help all we can, and have a good time; see if we don't."

"I'll go out real early. Maybe I'll get a dollar. Would that buy a turkey?" asked Sammy, with the air of a millionaire.

"No, dear; one big enough for us would cost two, I'm afraid. Perhaps we'll have one sent us."

5.—CHRISTMAS TURKEY, AND HOW IT CAME.

II.

Soon all three were fast asleep, and nothing but the whir of the sewing-machine broke the quiet that fell upon the house.

Then from the inner room a man came and sat over the fire, with his head in his hands and his eyes fixed on the ragged little boots left to dry. He had heard the children's talk; and his heart was very

heavy as he looked about the shabby room that used to be so neat and pleasant.

What he thought no one knows ; what he did we shall see by and by.

Bright and early the boys were away to their work. Kitty sang as she dressed the little sisters, put the house in order, and made her mother smile at the sly hints she gave of something which was going to happen.

Father was gone, and, though all rather dreaded evening, nothing was said. But each worked with a will, feeling that Christmas should be merry, in spite of poverty and care.

All day Tommy lugged fat turkeys, roasts of beef, and every sort of vegetable for other people's good dinners on the morrow.

"There, if you are not too tired, you can take one more load to that number, and a merry Christmas to you!" said Mr. Briskett, handing him the promised dollar, with something from the store.

"Thank you, sir ; good-night!" answered Tom, shouldering his last load, with a grateful smile, and trying not to look longingly at the poultry.

Sammy's adventures that day had been more successful, in the end, for Sammy was a most engaging fellow. He marched off with the remains of the old shovel, to seek his fortune.

The first two sidewalks were easy jobs. The third sidewalk was a fine long one, for the house stood on the corner, and two pavements must be cleared.

"It ought to be fifty cents; but perhaps they won't give me so much, I'm such a young fellow. I'll show them I can work, though, like a man;" and Sam rang the bell with the energy of a telegraph boy.

A bright silver dollar and a pocketful of gingerbread sent him off a rich and happy boy, to shovel and sweep till noon. Then he went home and proudly showed his earnings.

"Now, Sammy dear, I want you to take my place here this afternoon, for mother will have to take her work home, and I must sell wreaths."

"I'll give you some of my money, if you don't get a dollar; then we'll be even," said Sammy.

With thanks, Kitty left him to rest on the sofa, while the happy babies swarmed over him. Putting on a shabby hood and shawl, she slipped away to stand at the Park gate.

A nice old gentleman bought two, and his wife scolded him for getting such bad ones; but the money gave more happiness than any other he spent that day. A child took a ten-cent bunch of holly with its red berries, and there Kitty's market ended.

Hoping for better luck, she tried several other places, but the short afternoon was soon over, and the streets began to thin out.

"I must go home and get supper, anyway; and I'll hang these up in our own rooms, as I cannot sell them," said Kitty.

A smaller, shabbier girl than herself stood near, looking at the bunch of holly with wistful eyes. Glad to do to others as she wished some one would do to her, Kitty offered the only thing she had to give, saying, kindly, "You may have it; merry Christmas!" She ran away before the delighted child could thank her.

I am very sure that one of the spirits who

fly about at this season of the year saw the little act, made a note of it, and in about fifteen minutes rewarded Kitty for her sweet remembrance of the golden rule.

"There don't seem to be any wreaths at these windows. Perhaps they would buy mine. I can't bear to go home with so little for my share," she said.

Kitty was just going up the steps, when two boys came round the corner, slipped on the icy pavement, and both went down with a crash.

6.—CHRISTMAS TURKEY, AND HOW IT CAME.

III.

"Oh, my knee! my knee! it's broken! I know it is!" wailed the small sufferer, as Kitty carried him up the steps, while his friend rang the door-bell.

It was like going into fairy-land, for the house was astir with a children's Christmas party.

A pretty young girl came to meet Kitty, and listened to her story of the accident,

which proved to be less severe than at first appeared. Bertie, the injured party, forgot his pain at sight of the tree, and hopped up stairs so nimbly that every one laughed.

"He said his leg was broken, but I guess he's all right," said Kitty.

"Would you like to see our tree before the children come down?" asked the pretty girl.

"Oh, yes; I never saw anything so lovely. I'd like to tell the babies all about it."

"How many babies are there?" asked the pretty girl, as she led the way into the brilliant room.

Kitty told her, for the friendly atmosphere seemed to make them friends.

"I will buy your wreaths, for we haven't any," said the girl in silk, as Kitty told how she was just coming to offer them when the boys fell.

It was pretty to see how carefully the little hostess laid away the shabby garlands, and slipped a half-dollar into Kitty's hand.

It was prettier still to watch the sly way she tucked some bonbons, a red ball, a blue whip, two china dolls, two pairs of little

mittens, and some gilded nuts into an empty box for "the babies."

Prettiest of all was it to see the smiles and tears make April in Kitty's face as she tried to tell her thanks.

The world was all right when she got into the street again and ran home, feeling that at last she had something to make a merry Christmas of.

"I'm afraid I ought to keep my money for shoes," said Tommy. "I've walked the soles off these to-day, and I can't go to school barefoot."

"We've got a good dinner without a turkey, and perhaps we'd better not get it," added Kitty, with a sigh, as she remembered the blue knit hood, marked seventy-five cents, that she had seen in a shop-window.

"Oh, we must have a turkey! we worked so hard for it, and it's so like Christmas!" cried Sammy.

"You shall have a turkey, and there it is," said an unexpected voice, as a noble bird fell upon the table.

It was father's voice, and there stood father, looking as he used to look, kind

and happy. Mother was beside him, smiling as they had not seen her smile for months.

“I’ve been working to-day, as well as you, and you may keep your money for yourselves.”

The children didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry, till Kitty settled the question by saying, “We haven’t any tree, so let’s dance around our goodies, and be merry.”

Then the tired feet in the old shoes forgot their weariness. Five happy little souls skipped gayly round the table, where, in the midst of all their treasures, earned and given, father’s turkey proudly lay.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

7.—OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,

No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life

Some lesson I have to learn.

I must take my turn at the mill,

I must grind out the golden grain,

I must work at my task with a resolute will

Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
One doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet ;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

8.—BLUNDER.

I.

Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies and a little coach like Tom Thumb's.

Of course you can have your wish if you once get there. But the thing is to find it.

It is not a great gate with a sign over the top, like this :

WISHING-GATE.

It is just an old stile in a meadow. There are plenty of old stiles in meadows, and how are you to know which is the one ?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him. She could only direct him to follow the road and ask the way of the first owl he met.

Over and over again she charged him; for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything. "Be sure you don't miss him,—be sure you don't pass him by."

So far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight. Now it forked.

Should he go through the wood, or turn to the right?

There was an old owl nodding in a tall oak-tree, the first owl Blunder had seen. He was a little afraid to wake him up. The fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice.

He could think of nothing better to say than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"What's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder; "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angry. "Winks and naps! how dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Do you take me for a mile-stone? Follow your nose, sir; follow your nose."

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went. "What was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was all?"

A chipmunk came down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

“Good Mrs. Chipmunk,” said Blunder, “can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“I can’t, indeed,” answered the chipmunk, politely. “But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-sprite under a slanting stone. He can tell you all about it.”

Blunder went on up the brook, but he saw nothing of the water-sprite, or of the slanting stone. He was just saying to himself, “I don’t know where he is,—I can’t find it,” when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

“Mr. Frog,” asked Blunder, “can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“I cannot,” said the frog; “but in a pine-tree beyond, you will find an old crow. He can show you the way, for he is a great traveller.”

“I don’t know where the pine-tree is,—I am sure I can never find him,” answered Blunder. Still, he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired and out of patience, he sat down to rest.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 6.

9.—BLUNDER.

II.

Looking about him, Blunder spied a morning-glory elf.

“Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“No,” said the elf; “I don’t know anything about geography. But if you keep on this path, you will meet the Dream-man. He is coming down from fairy-land, with his bag of dreams on his shoulder. If anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can.”

“But how can I find him?” asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

“I don’t know, I am sure,” answered the elf, “unless you look for him.”

There was no help for it but to go on. Soon Blunder passed the Dream-man asleep under a witch-hazel. He had his bags of good and bad dreams laid over him to keep him from fluttering away.

But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he always said, “I don’t know where it is,”

or, "I can't find it." Then his mother or sister went and found it for him.

He passed the Dream-man without seeing him. Then he went on till he stumbled on a Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.



"With pleasure," answered Jack. Catching up his lantern, he set out at once.

Blunder followed close. In watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down

there," called out Jack, whisking off among the tree-tops.

"I can't come up there," sobbed Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

A very angry little boy was Blunder when he climbed out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump. It was a wood-goblin's chimney. Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

The old goblin was asleep up-stairs. He started up in a fright at the clash and clatter. Finding that his house was not tumbling down about his ears, he stumped down to the kitchen, to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and tried to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" cried she. "If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

Off flew Blunder, and burst open the door of the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes. Of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes.

"I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window. "I don't know where it is!" he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin half-way down the stairs.

"Goodness gracious mercy me!" exclaimed cook. "He is coming! The boy will be eaten in spite of me. Jump into the meal-chest."

"I don't see it," squeaked Blunder, rushing towards the fireplace. "Where is it?"

Clump! clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs. He was coming towards the kitchen door.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that," cried the cook.



10.—BLUNDER.

III.

Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal-chest. But he caught his foot in it, and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

“What was all this noise about?” asked the goblin, coming into the kitchen.

“Only my pans, master,” answered the cook. As he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling up-stairs again.

The shoes took Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough,

but so miserable. He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry.

It was dark, and he did not know the way home. Seeing an old stile, he climbed up, and sat down on the top of it. He was too tired to stir.

Just then along came the South Wind, with his pockets full of showers. As he was going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home.

The boy was glad, but he would have liked it better if the wind had not laughed all the way.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things that I saw in my travels," answered the Wind—"a hen that died of starvation sitting on an empty peck-measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain, and a little boy who sat on top of the Wishing-Gate and came home because he could not find it."

"What? what's that?" cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire.

Everybody else cried, "What luck?" and, "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" but she sat mum.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I couldn't find it."

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him. His sister ran to bring some bread and milk.

"Now hear my story," cried his godmother. "There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate. His fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met, what to do then.

"This little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl, and waked up the wrong owl. He passed the water-sprite, and found only a frog. He sat down under the pine-tree, and never saw the crow.

"He passed the Dream-man, and ran after Jack-o'-Lantern. He tumbled down the goblin's chimney, and couldn't find the shoes, and the closet, and the chest, and the cloak. He sat on top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and never knew it."

Away went the fairy godmother up the chimney, in such disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

11.—THE LITTLE MATCH-BOY.

One very cold day, not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel. A little boy with a thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came to them and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches?"

"No, I don't want any," answered one of the gentlemen.

"But they are only a penny a box," pleaded the poor little fellow.

"Yes, but, you see, we don't want a box," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will give you two boxes for a penny," the boy said, at last.

"So, to get rid of him," said the gentleman to me, "I bought a box. Then, finding I had no change, I said to him, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.'

"'Oh, please buy them to-night,' the boy pleaded again: 'I will run and get you the change, for I am very hungry.'"

"So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came.

I thought I had lost my shilling: still, there was something in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him.

"Late in the evening I was told that a little boy wanted to see me. I found, when he was brought in, it was a smaller brother of the boy who took my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged and poor.

"He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman who bought the matches from Sandy?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, then, here are fourpence out of your shilling. Sandy cannot come; he's very sick. A cart ran over him and knocked him down.

"'He lost his cap and matches and sevenpence of your money. Both his legs were broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and—that's all.'

"I fed the little fellow, and then went with him to see Sandy. I found that the two children lived almost alone, for their father and mother were dead.

"Poor Sandy was lying on a bundle of

shavings. He knew me as soon as I went in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, but the horse knocked me down, and both of my legs are broken! Oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I'm sure I'm dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will you do, Reuby?'

"Then I took him by the hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up to me as if to thank me. Then the light went out of the blue eyes. In a moment,

"He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.'"

That story is like an arrow in the hand of a giant. It ought to pierce many a heart, old and young.

Whenever, dear children, you are tempted to say what is not true, or to be unkind to other boys and girls, or to take what you ought not to take, remember little Sandy.

This poor little boy, lying on a bundle of

shavings, dying and starving, was tender, trusty, and true. So God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuben and be a friend to him. Sandy heard him say he would do it—the last thing he ever did hear.

Then the dark room, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken limbs, all faded away, and Sandy was with the angels.

They could look at him in his new home, and say one to another, “That is the little boy who kept his word and sent back fourpence. He was tender, trusty, and true, when he was hungry and faint, when both his legs were broken, and he lay dying.”

This story is told you now because, whether you find it hard or easy, we want you to be tender and trusty and true as poor little Sandy was, who did not forget his promise, and who loved his little brother to the end.

DEAN STANLEY.

“How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

12.—HIGHER WILL WE CLIMB.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story :
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.
Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college :
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.
Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty :
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.
Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather :
Oh, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home !



13.—THE WIDOW'S TWO DAUGHTERS.

I.

A widow had two daughters: one was beautiful and industrious, the other idle and ugly. The ugly one the mother loved best, because she was her own child. She cared so little for the other that she made her do all the work, and be quite a Cinderella in the house.

The poor maiden was obliged to go every day and seat herself by the side of a well which stood in the broad high-road. Here she had to sit and spin till her fingers bled.

One day when the spindle was so covered with blood that she could not use it, she rose and dipped it in the water of the well to wash it. While she was doing so, it slipped from her hand and fell to the bottom. In terror and tears, she ran and told her step-mother what had happened.

The woman scolded her in the most violent manner. "As you have let the spindle fall into the water," she said, "you may go in and bring it out, for I will not buy another."

The maiden went back to the well, and, hardly knowing what she was about, threw herself into the water.

When her senses returned, she found herself in a beautiful meadow, on which the sun was brightly shining and where thousands of flowers were growing.

She walked a long way across this meadow, till she came to a baker's oven, which was full of new bread. The loaves cried, "Ah, pull us out, pull us out, or we shall burn, we have been so long baking!"

Then she stepped near to the oven, and with the bread-shovel took the loaves all out.

She walked on after this, and presently came to a tree full of apples. The tree cried, "Shake me, shake me; my apples are all quite ripe."

She shook the tree till the fruit fell around her like rain and there was not one more left upon it. She gathered the apples into one large heap, and went on farther.

At last she came to a small house, and, looking earnestly at it, she saw an old woman peeping out. Her teeth were so large that the girl was quite frightened, and turned to run away.

But the old woman cried after her, "What dost thou fear, dear child? Come and live with me, and do the work in the house, and I will make you so happy.

"You must, however, take care to make my bed well. You must shake it with energy, for then the feathers will fly about, and in the world they will say it snows. I am Mother Holle."

As the old woman talked in this kind manner, she won the maiden's heart. She readily agreed to enter her service.

She took care to shake up the bed well,

so that the feathers might fly like snow-flakes. Therefore she led a very happy life with Mother Holle. She had plenty to eat and drink, and never heard an angry word.

After she had stayed a long time with the kind old woman, she began to feel sad. She could not explain why, till at last she discovered that she was homesick. It seemed to her a thousand times better to go home than to stay with Mother Holle.

The longing grew so strong that at last she was obliged to speak.

“Dear Mother Holle,” she said, “you have been very kind to me, but I have such a sorrow in my heart that I cannot stay here any longer. I must return to my own people.”

Then said Mother Holle, “I am pleased to hear that you are longing to go home. As you have served me so well, I will show you the way myself.”

She took her by the hand and led her to a broad gate-way. The gate was open, and as the young girl passed through, there fell upon her a shower of gold. It clung to her

dress, and remained hanging to it, so that she was covered with gold from head to foot.

“That is your reward for having been so industrious,” said the old woman. As she spoke, she placed in her hand the spindle which had fallen into the well.

14.—THE WIDOW’S TWO DAUGHTERS.

II.

The great gate was then closed, and the maiden found herself once more in the world, and not far from her step-mother’s house.

As she entered the farm-yard, a cock perched on the wall crowed loudly, and cried, “Our golden lady has come home, I see.”

She went in to her mother, and, because she was covered with gold, both the mother and sister welcomed her kindly.

When the mother heard how the wealth had been gained, she was anxious that her own idle daughter should try her fortune in the same way.

So she made her go and sit on the well and spin. The girl, who wanted riches without working for them, did not spin fast enough to make her fingers bleed.

She pricked her finger, and pushed her hand in the thorn bushes, till at last a few spots of blood dropped on the spindle.

When she saw the spots, she let it drop into the water, and sprung in after it herself. Just as her sister had done, she found herself in a beautiful meadow. She walked for some distance along the same path, till she came to the baker's oven.

She heard the loaves cry, "Pull us out, pull us out, or we shall burn, we have been here so long baking."

But the idle girl answered, "No, indeed, I have no wish to soil my hands with your dirty oven;" and so she walked on till she came to the apple-tree.

"Shake me, shake me," it cried, "for my apples are all quite ripe."

"I don't agree to that at all," she replied, "for some of the apples might fall on my head;" and as she spoke she walked lazily on farther.

When she at last stood before the door of Mother Holle's house, she had no fear of her great teeth, for she had heard all about them from her sister. She walked right up to the old woman and offered to be her servant.

Mother Holle accepted the offer of her services. For a whole day the young girl was very industrious and did everything that was told her. She thought of the gold that was to be poured upon her.

But on the second day she gave way to her laziness, and on the third it was worse. Several days passed, and she would not get up in the morning at a proper hour. The bed was never made or shaken up so that the feathers could fly about.

At last Mother Holle was quite tired of her, and said she must go away, that her services were not wanted any more.

The lazy girl was quite overjoyed at going. She thought the golden rain was sure to come when Mother Holle led her to the gate. But as she passed under it, a large kettle full of pitch was upset over her.

"That is the reward of your service,"

said the old woman as she shut the gate. The idle girl walked home with the pitch sticking all over her. As she entered the court, the cock on the wall cried out,—

“Our pitchy young lady has come home, I see.”

The pitch stuck closely, and hung all about her hair and her clothes, and, do what she would, so long as she lived it would never come off.

GRIMM.

15.—ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PETS.

Here I was lord of the whole island; in fact, had I pleased, I might have called myself a king; for there was no one to dispute my right.

I had wood with which I might have built a great many ships, and I had grapes, if not corn, enough to have loaded them with. I had fish, and fowls, and wild goats, and hares, and other game.

Still, I was a long way out of the course of ships. Oh, how wretched seemed my fate

thus to be cast on this lonely spot, with no one to love, no one to make me laugh, no one to make me weep, no one to make me think !

It was dull to wander along day by day, from the wood to the shore, and from the shore back to the wood, and ponder over my own thoughts all the while.

So much for the sad view of my case ; but, like most other things, it had a bright side as well as a dark one.

In the first place, here I was safe on land, while all the rest of the ship's crew were lost. And then the great joy I had felt when, weak and bruised, I climbed up the cliffs out of the reach of the sea, came back to me.

But what led me most to give up my dull thoughts, and not even so much as look out for a sail, were my four pets. These were two cats, a parrot, and a dog. I had brought the two cats and the dog from the ship.

You may easily understand how very fond I was of my pets ; for they were all the friends left to me on this desolate island. My dog sat at meals with me, with one cat

on each side of me, on stools, and we had Poll to talk to us.

When the rain kept me in-doors, it was good fun to teach Poll to talk ; but so silent were all things round me, that the sound of my own voice made me start.

Once, when quite worn out after a long, weary walk, I lay down in the shade and fell asleep. You may judge what a start I gave, when a voice woke me out of my sleep, and called my name three times.

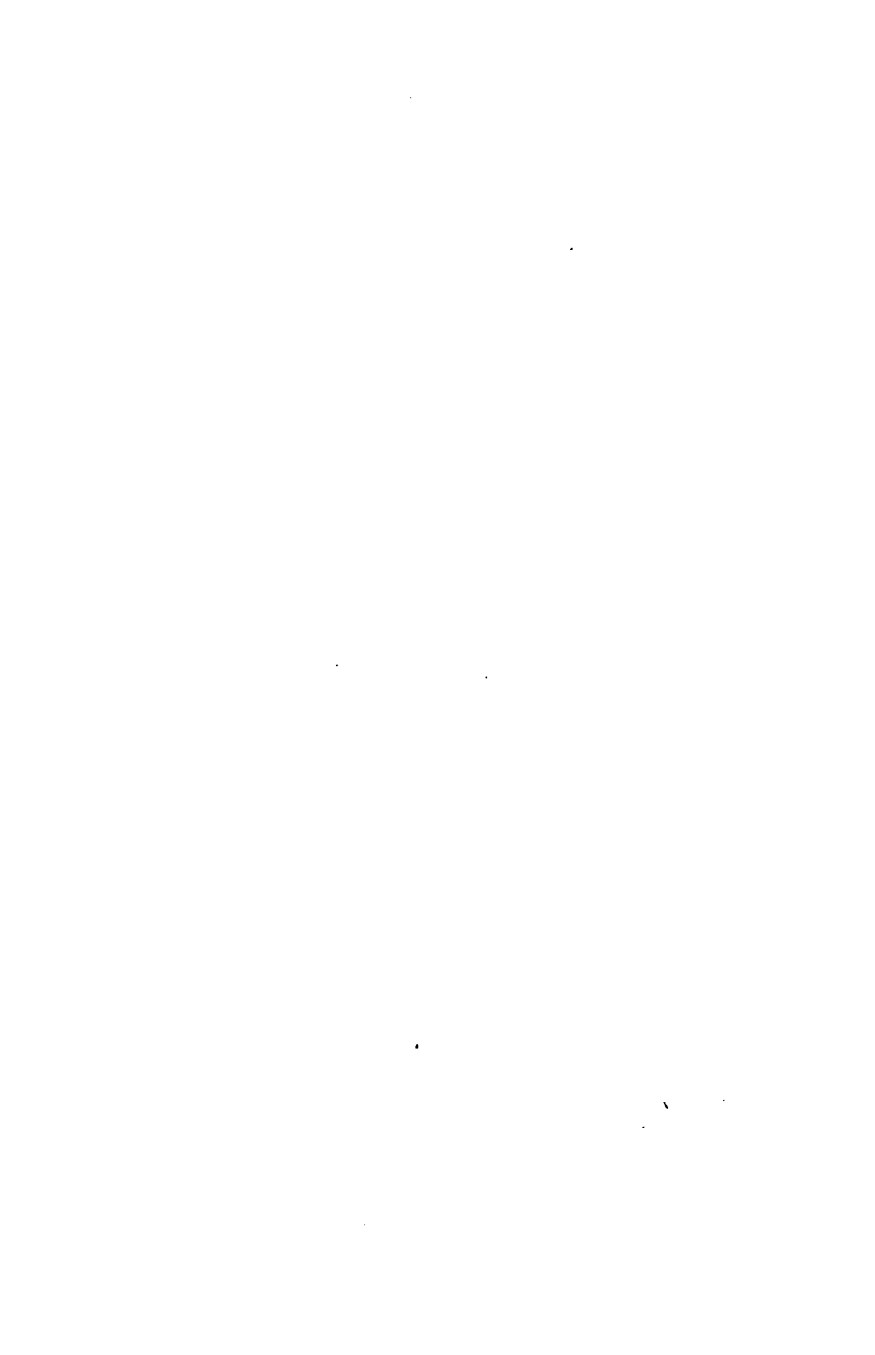
A voice in this wild place! To call me by my name, too! Then the voice said, "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?"

As soon as I opened my eyes and looked about, I saw Poll sitting on a branch of a tree near me. I knew at once that it was he that had spoken to me, for these were the very words I had taught him.

I held out my hand and called him by his name, "Poll," upon which he flew down and sat on my thumb, as was his habit, still talking to me: so I carried him home with me.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 7.



16.—SUNSHINE, AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.**I.**

Once upon a time there was a very wise old spirit called Mother Nature. She lived in a beautiful place, and had a large family of children, whom she found rather hard to manage.

Sunshine, the eldest girl, was a sweet creature, always good, and a great comfort to her mother at all seasons. So were South Wind and West Wind nice little girls; but Lightning, Thunder's twin sister, was very naughty, and liked to do mischief.

Snow, the fourth daughter, was a cold, quiet spirit, fond of covering up the world with the nice white sheets she kept folded away in the sky.

Rain was always crying, East Wind sulking, Thunder and Hail scolding and growling. North Wind, the biggest of the boys, went roaring about so fiercely that every one ran before him, though his breath blew away much rubbish, which his gentle sisters could not manage as they kept house.

“Now, my dears, I’m very tired, and am going to take a nap, so be good children ; do your tasks nicely, and wake me in March,” said Mother Nature, one November day, when her summer work was over, and her time for rest had come.

“Yes, mamma,” said Sunshine, as she tucked her up with a kiss. “I will do my best to keep the girls busy and the boys in order. Have a good sleep, and I’ll call you in time for the spring work.”

Then the old lady tied her night-cap over her ears, and dozed off quite comfortably. Her good daughter went to her spinning, that there might be plenty of sunshine for the next summer.

“It’s my turn now, and I’ll cry as much as I like, for mother isn’t here to stop me, and Sunny can’t,” said Rain ; and down came floods of tears.

His brother, East Wind, began to blow till every one shivered, and coughs and colds and fog and mud made the world a dismal place.

Sunny begged them to stop and give her a chance now and then, but they would not.

Everybody said what a dreadful month November was that year.

Fortunately, it was soon time for North Wind and his favorite sister Snow to come back from Iceland. The moment the older brother's loud voice was heard, Rain and East Wind ran and hid, for they were rather afraid of him.

"We'll soon have it nice and tidy for Christmas," said North Wind. He dried up the mud, blew away the fog, and got the world ready for Snow to cover with her beautiful down quilt. In a day or two it looked like a fairy world.

Sunshine peeped out to do her part, making the ice on the trees glitter like diamonds and the snowy drifts shine like silver, and filling the blue sky full of light.

Then every one rejoiced; bells jingled merrily, and children coasted and snow-balled. Christmas-trees began to grow, and all faces to glow as they never do at any other time.

"The holidays shall be pleasant if I can only keep those bad boys in a good humor," said Sunny. To make sure of them she fed

Rain and East Wind on plum-cake with poppy-seeds in it, so they slept like dormice till the New Year was born.

Snow had her frolics, and no one minded, because she was so pretty. North Wind was so amiable just then that the white storms only made fine sleighing. The fresh air kept cheeks rosy, eyes sparkling, lips laughing, and hearts happy as they should be at that blessed season.

Sunshine was so pleased that she came out to see the fun, and smiled so warmly that a January thaw set in.

"Dear me!" said she, "I forgot that I must not be too generous at this season. Though people enjoy my pleasant days, they leave off their furs and get cold. I'll go back to my spinning and only smile through the window: then no harm will be done."

17.—SUNSHINE, AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

II.

Thunder and Lightning had been in Italy all this time, and they too got into mischief. Their mother had shut the twins up in a

volcano to keep them out of the way till summer, when they were useful.

Down there they found playmates to suit them, and had fine times rumbling and boiling, and sending out hot lava and showers of ashes to scare the people who lived near by.

Growing tired of this, they at last planned to get up an earthquake and escape. So they kicked and shook the world, like children tumbling about under the bedclothes. Thunder growled, and Lightning flew about trying to get the lid of the volcano off.

At last she did, and out they all burst with such a dreadful noise that the poor people thought the end of the world had come. Towns fell down, hills moved, the sea came up on the shore, and ashes and stones covered up a whole city.

“There! wasn’t that a fine frolic? Mother won’t dare to shut us up again, I fancy, when she sees what a piece of work we make for her,” said naughty Lightning. Then she peeped through the smoke at the sad scene below.

“Grand fun! but if Sunshine wakes mother we shall wish we had not done it.

Let's run away and hide till this is all forgotten," answered Thunder, rather ashamed of such a dreadful prank.

So they flew off, leaving great sorrow behind them; but Sunshine did not wake mamma, though West Wind came home to tell her all about it.

There was trouble here also, for Rain and East Wind had waked up, and were very angry to find they had been dosed with poppy-seeds.

"Now we'll pay Sunny for that, and turn everything topsy-turvy," they said; and, calling Hail, they went to work.

Rain emptied all his water-buckets till the rivers rose and flooded the towns. The snow on the hills melted and covered the fields, washed away the railroads, carried off houses, and drowned many poor animals. Hail pelted with his stones, and East Wind blew cold and shrill till there was no comfort anywhere.

Poor Sunny was at her wits' end with all these troubles; but she would not wake her mother, and tried to manage her brothers alone.

While Sunny shone so sweetly that Rain

had to stop crying, West tugged at the weather-cocks till she made East give way and let her blow for a while.

He was out of breath and had to yield: so the "bad spell of weather" was over. The poor, half-drowned people could get dry, and fish their furniture out of the flood, and moor their floating houses at last.

Sunny kept on smiling till she dried up the ground. West sent fresh gales to help her, and by March things looked much better.

"Now, do be good children, and let us get ready for the spring cleaning before mother wakes. I don't know what she will say to the boys, but I've done my best, and I hope she will be pleased with me," said Sunshine, when at last she sat down to rest a moment, tired out.

18.—SUNSHINE, AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

III.

All the brothers and sisters, except the naughty twins, promised to be very good. They loved Sunshine, and were sorry for their pranks.

Each tried to help her, and March was a very busy month, for all the winds blew in turn. Even gentle South, from far away, came home to do her part.

Snow folded up her down quilts and packed them away; Rain dropped a few quiet showers to swell the buds and green the grass; and Sunny began to shake out the golden webs of light she had been spinning all winter.

Every one worked so well that April found that part of the world in fine order. When South Wind blew open the first hyacinths, Mother Nature smelt them, and began to rub her eyes and wake up.

“Bless me, how I’ve slept! Why didn’t you rouse me sooner, dear? Ah, my good child! I see you have tried to do my work and get all ready for me,” said the old lady, throwing away her night-cap, and peeping out of the window at the spring world budding everywhere.

Then, sitting in her mother’s lap, Sunny told all her trials. At some, Mamma Nature laughed, at others she frowned. When it came to the earthquake and the flood, she

looked very sober, saying, as she stroked her daughter's bright hair,—

“My darling, I can't explain these things to you, and I don't always understand why they happen. You know we have only to obey the King's orders and leave the rest to him. He will punish my naughty children if he sees fit, and reward my good ones. I shall leave them to him, and go cheerfully on with my own work.

“That is the only way to keep our lovely world in order and be happy. Now call your brothers and sisters, and we will have our spring frolic together.”

They all came, and had a merry time; for, as every one knows, April has every kind of weather. Each had a turn, to show what he or she could do.

By May-day, things were in a fine trim, though East Wind would nip the May queen's little nose, and all Sunny's efforts could only coax out a few hardy dandelions for the eager hands to pick.

But the children were happy, for spring had come. Mother Nature was awake again, and now all would be well with the world.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

19.—THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

I.

A certain king was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he devoted all his time ; yet he was never satisfied. The more he heard the more he wanted to hear.

At length he gave out word that if any man would tell him a story that would last forever, he would give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage, and make him heir to his kingdom.

But if any one should pretend that he had such a story, and should fail,—that is, if the story did come to an end,—he was to lose his head.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many wanted to try ; and very long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, and some six months.

Poor fellows ! they spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure ; but all in vain. Sooner or later, each came to an end, and one after another the unlucky story-tellers had to lose their heads.

Finally there came a man who said that he had a story that would last forever, if the king would give him a trial.

He was warned of the danger, and was told how many others had lost their heads, but he said he was not afraid. So he was brought before the king. After making all necessary arrangements for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story :

“O king, there was once a king who was a great tyrant. Desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in the kingdom. This he put into an immense granary, which he had built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

“This he did for several years, until the granary was full, even to the top. He then stopped up the doors and windows, and closed it fast on all sides. But the bricklayers, by accident, had left a small hole near the top of the granary.

“Soon there came a flight of locusts. They tried to get at the corn, but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time.

“So one locust went in and carried off

one grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——”

20.—THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

II.

He went on thus from morning till night (except while engaged at his meals, or sleeping) for about a month. The king, though patient, began to be rather tired of the locusts.

So he interrupted him with, “Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts. We will suppose they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted: tell what happened afterwards.”

The story-teller answered very deliberately, “If it please your majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before

I have told you what happened first." So he went on again :

"And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——"

The king listened with wonderful patience for six months more, when he again interrupted him with, "O friend, I am weary of your locusts. How soon do you think they will have done?"

To which the story-teller made answer, "O king, who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small place, it may be a cubit, each way, around the inside of the hole. The air is still dark with locusts on all sides; but let the king have patience. No doubt we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened for another full year, the story-teller going on as before :

"And then another locust went in and

carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn"——till at last the poor king could bear it no longer.

He cried out, "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything—take everything! only let us hear no more of those dreadful locusts!"

So the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was made heir to the throne. Nobody wished to hear the rest of the story.

"It is a blessed thing to be
Young and strong, and blithe and free,
Ne'er to have felt the touch of pain,
Life pulsing rich through every vein,
With merry laugh and shout to play,
Made happy by one sunny day!"

21.—THE VIOLETS.

I.

One morning Mary was wakened early by the sound of rushing waters. She ran to the window, which her mother had already opened to let in the warm sweet air of the spring morning.

Earth's snowy mantle had vanished. The weather had been quite mild for a few days, and a warm rain had fallen in the night and swept the snow all away.

Mary could no longer see where the pretty brook tumbled merrily over the rocks in summer-time, singing as it went.

She could not even see the meadow through which it used to run. In the place of it stood a large lake studded with trees. The river had overflowed its banks, and covered all the fields in the valley.

Yesterday the brook and the river were chained fast by the ice. But the Spirit of the Wind had breathed upon their fetters, and to-day all was life and music.

The rushing waters spoke from every hill,

as they poured into the valley, and swept wildly through the meadow-land.

They told Mary these were the same fields she had seen covered with snow the day before, and that when they were gone the grass would grow and the flowers bloom.

They told her how grateful they were to the Sun and the South Wind for breaking their chains.

They told of their home, the great ocean to which they were rushing, and how the Sun would draw them up into the clouds again, and let them fall upon the meadows in soft summer showers.

They promised to come when the grass should be dry and parched, and the flowers thirsting for refreshment. And they told Mary not to be frightened if they should come with loud thunder and bright lightning, for these would cool the hot air and open the doors for fresh breezes.

For many days nothing was to be heard but the merry song of the waters. One pleasant afternoon Mary went out with her mother, and they opened the little gate at the bottom of the garden and walked into the meadow.

The river had returned to its bed. The brook was now tumbling over the rocks, and gliding through the grass, which already looked green. The buds of the vines were just bursting into leaves.



On every side the blue Violets were peeping through the grass. Mary shouted for joy. "Oh, here they are, all blooming ready for me!" cried the little girl.

"Mother, do you think they will tell me a story?" And she threw herself upon the ground to catch the first accents of the flower-speech.

A little blue-eyed Violet looked up into Mary's eyes, and thought two large and beautiful Violets were looking down into hers. She was half hidden in the brown grass of the former year, but she seemed to be happy in that lowly place.

She did not envy her gay companions the Anemones, who were dancing in the soft wind, with their pink and white garments on.

22.—THE VIOLETS.

II.

“I can tell you nothing,” said the modest Violet, “but what happens down here in the grass. Many days ago, the warm beams of my father the Sun waked me from the sleep of the long winter night.

“When the snow melted, and the warm rain reached my roots, I breakfasted upon the sweet waters, and prepared to dress myself for this happy day.

“I am glad to see the new blades of grass begin to shoot up. These stiff brown ones of last year are not so fragrant nor so polite

as the tender green ones, which yield to the pressure of my leaves. I only wish to have room to look up at the Sun and the blue sky.

“How loving you look, dear little girl! I should like to tell you everything in my heart, if you would like to hear it. The butterflies and the bees often come to see me, and I like them very much; but they never have time to listen to anything I have to tell.

“If I could talk in such language as your eyes speak to me, how much I could tell you of the warm Sun and the soft winds that have called me out of the bosom of the dark Earth!

“I believe you know some of my cousins, for the bees have told me that there are a great many Pansies in your mother’s garden. They like to live in that fine place, but I would rather stay here in the grass with the Anemones.

“The bees come here to sip honey from my lips, for they are often driven from the garden. Why are they driven from the garden?”

“Because they sting,” said little Mary.

“Do they?” said the Violet; “and what is that?”

“They hurt people,” said Mary.

“They never hurt me,” said the Violet. “Perhaps they are obliged to sting, if people hurt them, for they are so small that they would easily be killed if they did not defend themselves.

“They have a great deal of work to do, and if they hurt any one, I think it must be because they wish to finish it.”

“Yes,” said Mary; “God gave them their sting to defend themselves, and they never use it for any other purpose.

“The point is so fine that we cannot see the end of it unless it is put under a glass which makes things look hundreds of times larger than they really are. The bees never hurt me, for I do not touch them.”

“If any one should hurt me,” said the Violet, “I could not defend myself.”

Mary thought it would be very cruel to hurt such a beautiful, sweet creature, but before she could answer, the Violet seemed to have forgotten that there was any danger in the world.

23.—THE VIOLETS.

III.

“Has my cousin Heart’s-ease bloomed yet?” asked the Violet. “I should rather know her than any of the Pansies.

“I once heard your mamma talking of a cold country far away from here, called Siberia. Many people are sent there from their pleasant homes by a cruel king, who punishes them for being rich and good.

“She told a story of a noble daughter, who walked more than a thousand miles in that cold country, to ask the king to let her father return to his happy home. It was a very beautiful story.

“She said that the father of that good daughter would often twine my cousin Heart’s-ease into the garlands he wove for his daughter’s brow. I wish I could have been there, to speak to him of the valleys of his native land, where Violets grow.

“I have more than twenty cousins in America. We grow in Asia, too, in the Holy Land where Abraham lived. Some of my cousins grow in the palm groves of Africa.

“The children of that land are not so happy as you are, but they love flowers, and wear us in garlands round their heads. When they give us to one another they mean to say, ‘I shall love you always.’

“My cousin who lives in England keeps all her sweet fragrance to herself in the daytime. At evening she sheds it upon the dewy air, and the nightingales come and perch upon the bushes near her. They thank her with such sweet songs that all the flowers wake to listen.

“I see you are looking at my green leaves. They are spoon-shaped, to catch the falling drops of rain or dew. Violets first grew upon highlands where no brooks watered their roots, and we are provided with these to catch moisture from the air.”

At that moment the sun sunk behind the hill, and the lowly flower drooped her head and ceased speaking. If Mary had been asked then what flower she should like to be, she would surely have said a Violet, so tenderly did the modest beauty and sweet fragrance and heavenly color speak to her heart.

But the bright blue Day was fast turning pale at the approach of dark-robed Night. The flowers were folding their robes for slumber.

As Mary turned homeward, her mother said, "I hope my daughter will be like that modest flower who never thinks of herself, but remembers all the goodness of others. Then every one will love my daughter as well as she loves the blue Violets."

MRS. HORACE MANN.

"Oh that folk would well consider
What it is to lose a name,
What this world is altogether,
If bereft of honest fame!

Poverty ne'er brings dishonor,
Hardship ne'er breeds sorrow's smart,
If bright conscience takes upon her
To shed sunshine round the heart."

24.—WHERE SHALL WE WALK?

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,—
That's the way for Billy and me.

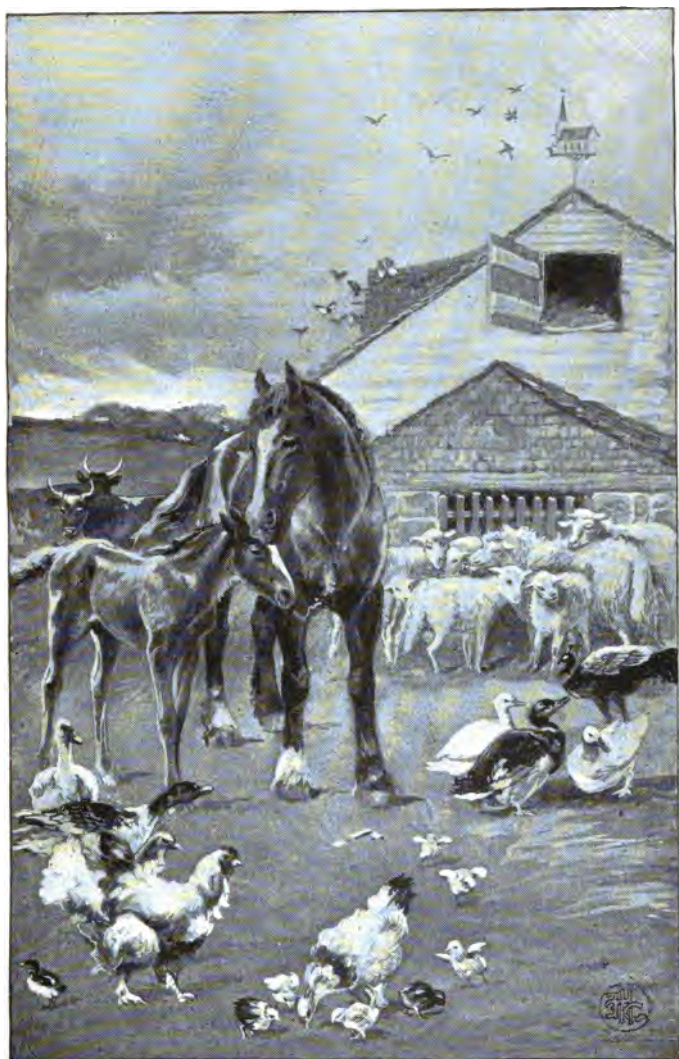
Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,—
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thickest, greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,—
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,—
That's the way for Billy and me.

There let us walk, there let us play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,—
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 8.

25.—THE STORY OF THE
I.

You might contrive to live without tea or coffee, as people were old years gone by, but what would you do without salt?

What would become of your cooking dishes, if salt did not? They would taste no better than of eggs.

Nay, you would not have rosy cheeks, nor be able to scamp your morning till night as you do now; you would be pale and sickly. You think you could live without salt, but less doses of salt you are dependent on in some form or other.

In some parts of the world the deer come a long way to get salt. The salt is in some red mud bubbles up among the grass, and leaves it behind like a crust when the deer has eaten it. The grass that may chance to be lying over the salt all round tastes very much better.

The place is called a "salt lick."



25.—THE STORY OF THE SALT.

I.

You might contrive to live without either tea or coffee, as people were obliged to do in years gone by, but what would you do without salt?

What would become of your nice relishing dishes, if salt did not season them? They would taste no better than the white of eggs.

Nay, you would not have those rosy cheeks, nor be able to scamper about from morning till night as you do now. You would be pale and sickly, and I hardly think you could live without the little harmless doses of salt you are always taking in some form or other.

In some parts of the world the cattle and the deer come a long way to get a taste of salt. The salt is in some well or spring that bubbles up among the grass. The water leaves it behind like a crust on the stones that may chance to be lying about; and the grass all round tastes very much of salt.

The place is called a "salt-lick," because

the cattle keep licking at the stones. They are sure to find their way to the salt-lick, even though they live miles away. And they keep cropping the grass, and licking the salt, till they have had enough, and then they go home again.

They make a path on the grass with their hoofs, and quite tread it down. The hunter knows what the path means the moment he sees it, and he lies in wait with his gun. The poor deer is sure to come before long, and then the hunter shoots it.

The man who owns the salt-lick very often begins to bore down into the ground. He thinks he may find a salt-mine, or at least a way under ground that leads to one, and then he can get quite rich and become a person of importance.

A man once came to a salt-lick and tasted the water. He found it was all right, and that when he boiled some in a kettle and let it get cold there was a crust of salt at the bottom.

He was highly delighted, and bought the land, and set people at work to bore. But, alas! there was no salt to be found any-

where. A cunning hunter had put salt into the spring, and sprinkled it on the grass, to entice the deer and make them believe the place was a salt-lick. And so the poor man had spent his money for nothing!

In some places the salt-licks are very far apart, and the cattle can hardly ever get to them. The cattle have plenty of food, and large rich pastures to browse in; but they long for salt, and there is none for them.

Once a fortnight their master lets them come home to the farm, and gives each of them a bit of salt. The cows and horses know the right day, and they set off at full gallop to the farm. The farmer is quite ready for them; and when they have had their salt they trot back again to the fields, as contented as possible.

In Norway, when the farmer's wife goes out with her maidens to collect her cows and have them milked, she takes a bowl of salt in her hand. The moment the cows see it, they come running up from all parts of the field, as if asking for some. Their mistress gives each of them a large spoonful, and expects them to be satisfied.

But sometimes a cow is greedy, and wants more, and keeps pressing to the bowl until she becomes quite troublesome; then the mistress gives her a box on the ears with the wooden spoon, to teach her better manners.

26.—THE STORY OF THE SALT.

II.

There is a desert in Africa where the ground underfoot is not sand, but salt. It is called the "Salt Desert." The salt sparkles in the sun with such crystal whiteness that people who travel upon it are almost blinded.

Because salt is so useful and necessary, it is found in great abundance. The great wide sea could not keep sweet and fresh without salt. People put the sea-water in shallow pans, and let the sun dry it up. The salt found at the bottom of these pans is called "bay salt," and is very bitter.

But the salt makes its way from the sea by all kinds of secret paths under the ground, and then it is found in places called "mines." This is named "rock salt."

The mine is like a great deep cavern, and has tall pillars of salt to hold up the roof. The roof, and the walls, and the pillars glitter as though they were covered with precious stones.

When any person of consequence comes to visit the mine, the men who are at work make a great illumination. They stick torches here and there as thickly as they can, and then light them up, so that the place looks like a fairy palace.

The mine I am speaking of is in Poland, and it is not a very pleasant place to be let down. The person is let down in a hammock by means of a rope; and he goes down, down, a very long way. When he stops, he is not at his journey's end; for he has to get out of his hammock, and go along a pathway that descends lower and lower, till it reaches the mine.

The pathway is sometimes cut into steps, like a great wide staircase, and glitters with the light of the torches that the miners carry in their hands. The road leads through a great chamber or room where a thousand people might dine.

When a traveller reaches the mine he finds himself in a country under ground, such as perhaps he had no idea of before.

There is neither sun nor sky. But there are cross-roads with horses and carriages going along them. And there are crowds of men, women, and children, who live always in the mine. Some of the children have lived there all their lives, and have never seen the daylight.

Most of the horses, when once taken down, do not come up again. There are numbers of caverns, little and big, some of which are made into stables; and the horses are kept there.

The roofs of the caverns are supported on pillars of salt, and roads branch from them in all directions. They reach so far, and wind about so much, that a man may easily get lost. If his torch happens to go out, he wanders about until his strength is quite gone; and if nobody finds him, he lies down and dies.

I have read of a salt-mine, also in Poland, in which there is a pretty chapel cut out of the salt. It is called the "Chapel of St. Anthony."

27.—LITTLE TOM, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

I.

Tom and his master, Grimes, did not go into Harthover House by the great iron gates, but round the back way, and a very long way it was.

They went into a little back door, and in the passage the housekeeper met them. Tom mistook her for the lady of the house. She gave Grimes orders to take care of this, and take care of that, as if he were going up the chimneys and not Tom.

Grimes listened, and said every now and then to Tom, in a low voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar!" And Tom did mind, at least all that he could.

Then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin their work.

After a whisper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys he swept, I cannot

say. But he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was used. They were such as are found in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which ran into one another.

So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground.

At last, coming down, as he thought, the right chimney, he came down the wrong one. He found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never been in gentlefolks' rooms except when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, the furniture covered under a cloth, and the pictures hidden behind aprons and dusters.

He had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for gentlefolks to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white

furniture, and white walls. There were just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay flowers, and the walls hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much.

There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of dogs and horses. The horses he liked, but the dogs he did not care for much. But of the two pictures which he liked most, one was of a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers around him. He was laying his hands on the children's heads.

That was a very pretty picture, thought Tom, to hang in a lady's room; for he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He thought that he had seen something like it in a shop-window. But why was it there? "Poor man!" thought Tom; "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a picture in her room? Perhaps it was some relation of hers, who had been mur-

dered by savages, and she kept it for remembrance."

And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

28.—LITTLE TOM, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

II.

The next thing Tom saw was a washing-stand, with jugs, basins, soap, brushes, towels, and a large bath full of clean water.

"What a heap of things all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want as much scrubbing as that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt so well out of the way afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the towels."

And then, looking towards the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath in astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her

hair was like threads of gold, spread all about over the bed.

She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair. He wondered if she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops.

But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive. He stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No, she cannot be dirty; she never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?"

He looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. "Surely I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And, looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. "What did such a little black ape want in that sweet lady's

room?" thought he. And, behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror. He had never seen the like before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty. He burst into tears of shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide. He upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down. They made a noise as of two thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed. Seeing Tom, she screamed as loud as a peacock. A stout old nurse rushed in from the next room. Seeing Tom also, she made up her mind that he had come to rob, destroy, and burn. She dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom would have been afraid to face his friends forever, if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman. So he doubled under the good lady's arm, and out of the window in a moment.

Down he went like a cat. He ran across

the garden lawn, over the iron fence, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream "Murder!" and "Fire!" at the window.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

29.—THE FLAX.

I.

The flax was in full bloom. It had very pretty blue flowers, which were much more delicate than the wings of a moth. The sun shone upon the flax, and the showers watered it. This was as good for it as it is for little children to be washed and then have a kiss from mother. They look all the prettier for it; and so did the flax.

"People say that I am well grown," said the flax, "and that I am getting so nice and tall, I should make a famous piece of linen. How fortunate I am! Now I am so well off, I am certainly the happiest of the happy; for something is to be made of me. How the sunshine delights me! how sweet and refreshing is the rain! I am supremely happy!"

“Ay, ay, ay,” said the fence, “you do not yet know the world; but we do, for we are knotty.” And then he creaked most dismally,—

“Ended is the song.”

“No, it is not ended,” said the flax. “Tomorrow the sun will shine, or the rain will fall, and do good. I feel that I am growing; I feel that I am in full bloom; I am the happiest of the happy!”

But one day some people came and seized the flax by his tuft, and rooted him up. This pained him much. Then he was laid in water, as if he were to be drowned, and held over the fire, as if he were to be roasted. It was really dreadful!

“We can’t always be happy,” said the flax. “One must suffer sometimes, and then one learns something.”

But things grew worse: the flax was moistened, steeped, scutched,* and heckled;† nay, he did not know what they called all the various processes he went through. At last he was put on the spinning-wheel.

* Scutched—dressed by being beaten.

† Heckled—separated, coarse from fine.

Whir, whir! It went round so fast that the flax could not collect his thoughts.

“I have been very, very happy,” thought he, in the midst of all his troubles. “I must be content with the happiness I once enjoyed. Oh, content! content!” And this he still repeated when he was on the loom, where he became a fine, long piece of linen. The whole of the flax, to the very last stalk, was used to make this one piece of linen.

“Well, this is quite wonderful! I should never have thought it! How lucky I am! The fence was quite wrong when he sang,—

‘Ended is the song.’

The song is by no means ended; it is only just commencing. How wonderful! True, I have suffered somewhat in my lifetime, but only look what it has made of me. ‘I am the happiest of the happy.’ I am so strong and so fine, so white and so long.

“This is much better than being merely a plant, even in full bloom. One is not taken care of then, and one only gets watered if it happens to rain. Now I am waited on and tended. The maid turns me

every morning, and I have a shower-bath every evening from the watering-pot. Yes, even the clergyman's wife spoke about me. She said I was the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot possibly be happier than I am now."

The linen was next brought into the house, and given over to the scissors. Oh, how it was cut and torn, and then pricked with needles! This was not pleasant; but the piece of linen was now made into twelve shirts.

"Here, now, I have become something very important. So, then, this was what I was intended for. It is indeed a blessing to be of use in the world, as it is the duty of every one to be. This is a real pleasure. We are now in twelve pieces, still we are all one and the same. We are a dozen. What a marvellous piece of good luck it is!"

30.—THE FLAX.

II.

Years passed away, and the linen could no longer hold together, it was so worn. "Everything must come to an end some

time or other," said each garment. "I would willingly have lasted longer, but one ought not to expect what isn't possible."

Then the old shirts were torn into rags and tatters. They now believed that all was over with them, for they were chopped to pieces, soaked in water, and cooked, and they knew not what else happened to them, until they found themselves changed into beautiful white paper.

"Well, now, this is a surprise, and a very great surprise, too," said the paper. "Now I am smarter than before, and I shall be written on, and who knows what may not be written upon me! This is indeed wonderful luck!"

And, sure enough, the prettiest tales and poems were written upon the paper; and only one blot was made on it. It was, indeed, wonderful luck! And the people heard what was written thereon, and it was so good, and so useful, that it made them better and wiser, for they were blessed words.

"This is more than I dreamed of when I was only a little blue flower in the field.

How was it likely that I could imagine myself bringing joy and knowledge to mankind? I can scarcely yet believe it, but it is really so. I am well aware that I have done nothing myself but what my feeble powers compelled me to do for my very existence, and yet I have been raised, in the manner I have related, from one joy and honor to another.

“Every time that I think,—

‘Ended is the song,’

I attain to something higher and better. Now I am sure to be sent to travel all over the world, that every one may read me. It is the most probable thing that may occur; it cannot be otherwise. There are priceless thoughts in the words now written upon me, as numerous as the blue blossoms I once bore! ‘I am the happiest of the happy.’”

But the paper did not travel at all, but was sent to the printers, and all that was written upon it was set up in type to make a book, or rather hundreds of books, as by this means very many more can derive pleasure and profit from its contents than if the

single paper on which they were written had been circulated through the world, and had been worn out before it had performed half its journey.

“Yes, this is certainly the next sensible plan,” thought the manuscript: “it did not occur to me before. I shall thus remain at home, and be held in honor, just like a fine old ancestor, which indeed I am to all these new books.

“Now some good can be done. I should not have been able to wander about. But he who wrote the whole of it has looked at me; every word flew directly out of his pen upon me. ‘I am the happiest of the happy!’”

The paper was then tied up in a bundle, and thrown into a barrel which stood in the wash-house.

“It is good to rest after one’s duty is done,” said the paper: “it is very wise to collect one’s thoughts and reflect upon one’s actions. Now I discover for the first time all that is in me; and to know one’s self is a step in the right direction.

“What next will happen to me? I shall

at all events make progress, for my experience tells me that all changes are for the better."

So one day all the paper was taken out and laid upon the hearth to be burned; for they said there was no need to send it to the shops to be used for wrapping up butter and sugar.

And all the children in the house stood round, for they were so fond of seeing paper burned, because it sends up such bright flames, and afterwards so many red sparks are seen among the ashes, popping out one after another so very fast.

They called it "seeing the children come out of school;" and they said the last spark was the school-master. They often thought he had gone, but just at that instant another spark would pop out.

"There went the school-master," they would exclaim. A deal they knew about it, indeed! If they had only known who was going by: we know who it was, but they do not.

It was great fun, and those who watched them sang over the dead ashes,—

“Snip-snap-snop,
The sparks go ‘pop,’
And ended is the song.”

But the little invisible beings all said, “The song is never ended; that is the best of it. We know it, and therefore ‘We are the happiest of the happy.’” But the children could neither hear nor understand this; nor was it necessary that they should, for children are not to know everything.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

31.—THE KING OF KINGS.

Canute, a great king, was once ruler of England and Denmark. His ships went hither and thither upon the North Sea.

It happened one day, as he was walking on the sea-shore with his courtiers, that flatterers began to speak of him as the king of kings and lord of the sea as well as of the land.

But the king was vexed at their words,

for he feared God ; and the language of the courtiers seemed a crime in his eyes. He made no reply, however.

He spread out his mantle upon the earth close to the shore, and sat down upon it. Then he said to the sea, "The land upon which I sit is mine ; I am its ruler : therefore I say to thee, remain where thou art, and come not near my place."

It was flood-tide as he spoke. When the courtiers heard this, they thought to themselves, "The king our master has become a fool." And they laughed at him in their hearts.

But the tide did not obey the voice of the king, and came in higher and higher, until it wet his feet. Then the king arose, and said,—

"You flatterers, where is now my power ? See how the sea has obeyed me ! Now depart, and remember that 'He who made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, He is King of kings and Lord of lords ;' I am but one of his servants."



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—NO. 9.

32.—SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better ;
They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light
is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong
in heaven,
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be for-
given,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold !

O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!

O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it;

I will not steal them away;

I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

33.—WHAT WE SHOULD DRINK.

No creature could live for any length of time without drink. Plants drink nothing but water. They find it in the ground after it has fallen in the rain from the clouds, and their tiny root-mouths take it in, drop by drop.

Birds drink only water; and other animals of all kinds drink nothing but water or milk. Men and women could not live if it

were not for pure cold water, and they would be far better off if they never drank anything else.

But they have learned to make many drinks which are not found in nature, and some of these are very injurious, and cause a great deal of sickness and death. Among the most hurtful of all these are cider, beer, wine, and spirits.

Men take the fresh, wholesome juice of apples and allow it to ferment, and thus make a drink called cider.

They take barley, soak and partly rot it, then mash it and let the sweet juice ferment, and so make beer. They take the sweet juice of grapes, and by a similar process turn it into wine.

The fresh juice of apples, barley, and grapes is very good, and will hurt no one who drinks it. But when it is allowed to ferment, the sugar which is in it is changed into alcohol, and this is a poison.

So when people drink cider, beer, and wine, the alcohol in these drinks makes them giddy and light-headed, and if they take much they become unable to walk

straight, and often are made altogether helpless. We say they are then tipsy, or drunk.

But if we spoke truly we should say they were more or less poisoned by the alcohol they had taken. If people take very little cider, beer, or wine, they get very little poison, and so do not show its effects. But as they take more they show it more, often becoming drunk, and in some instances they die from excess.

A healthy person should never use any of these drinks. Pure water and milk are far better, for there is no alcohol in them, and therefore they do not harm people.

What makes cider, beer, and wine so full of danger is, that this alcohol causes an unnatural craving in the body, and so people are led to drink to excess, until they become drunkards and are ruined.

You may see many of these poor, ruined persons on the streets, and they became so from using drinks which contain alcohol. Let all boys and girls who wish to be temperate and healthy refrain from the use of cider, beer, or wine.

Let us keep in mind, then, that alcohol is not found in apples, grain, or grapes, but is made from the juices of these by fermentation. In this way cider, beer, and wine are made. They contain a great deal of water, a little of sweets and acids, and alcohol.

The alcohol in a full glass of brandy, if given alone to a small child, would kill it. Two and a half ounces of alcohol, if put into the stomach of a small dog, would kill it instantly: an ordinary glass of whiskey contains more than that amount of alcohol.

So when people drink spirits they soon become tipsy and drunken; that is, they are poisoned by the alcohol. A noted doctor in London, England, says that full forty thousand people lose their lives every year in Great Britain by drinking alcohol in various kinds of liquors.

These drinks do not make people strong. When a walker or rower is in training for a race, he is not allowed to drink beer or spirits. There is no food in alcohol, and many doctors are now agreed in telling us that it does not add any warmth to the body.

How sad that so much money should be spent, and so many people ruined, in drinking fermented liquors and spirits, which do nobody any good, but injure almost every one who takes them ! The best way is never to touch, taste, or handle them.

34.—THE TWO SEEDS.

Long, long ago, two seeds lay beside each other in the earth, waiting. It was cold and rather wearisome, and, to beguile the time, the one found means to speak to the other.

“What are you going to be?” said the one.

“I don’t know,” answered the other.

“For me,” replied the first, “I mean to be a rose. There is nothing like a splendid rose. Everybody will love me then.”

“It’s all right,” whispered the second; and that was all it could say; for somehow when it had said that, it felt as if all the words in the world were used up. So they were silent again for a day or two.

“Oh, dear!” cried the first, “I have had some water. I never knew till it was inside me. I’m growing! I’m growing! Good-by.”

“Good-by!” repeated the other, and lay still, and waited more than ever.

The first grew and grew, pushing itself straight up, till at last it felt that it was in the open air, for it could breathe. And what a delicious breath it was! It was rather cold, but so refreshing.

It could see nothing, for it was not quite a flower yet, only a plant. Plants never see till their eyes come,—that is, till they open their blossoms,—then they are flowers quite.

So it grew and grew, and kept its head up very steadily. It meant to see the sky the first thing, and leave the earth quite behind, as well as beneath it.

But, somehow or other,—though why it could not tell,—it felt very much inclined to cry.

At length it opened its eye. It was morning, and the sky was over its head. But, alas! itself was no rose,—only a tiny white flower.

It felt yet more inclined to hang down its head and cry. But it still resisted, and tried hard to open its eye wide, and to hold its head upright, and to look full at the sky.

“I will be a Star of Bethlehem at least,” said the flower to itself.

But its heart felt very heavy; and a cold wind rushed over it, and bowed it down towards the earth. And the flower saw that the time of the singing of birds was not come,—that the snow covered the whole land, and that there was not a single flower in sight but itself.

And it half closed its leaves in terror and the dismay of loneliness. But that instant it remembered what the other seed used to say; and it said to itself, “It’s all right: I will be what I can.”

And thereon it yielded to the wind, drooped its head to the earth, and looked no more to the sky, but on the snow.

And straightway the wind stopped; and the cold died away; and the snow sparkled like pearls and diamonds; and the flower knew that it was the holding of its head up

that had hurt so, and that its body came of snow, and that its name was Snow-drop.

And so it said once more, "It's all right!" and waited in perfect peace. All the rest it needed was to hang its head, after its nature.

One day a pale, sad-looking girl, with thin face, large eyes, and long white hands, came, hanging her head like the Snow-drop's, along the snow where the flower grew.

She spied it, smiled joyously, and said, "Ah, my little sister, are you come?"

She stooped and plucked the Snow-drop. It trembled and died in her hand, which was a heavenly death for a Snow-drop; for had it not cast a gleam of summer, pale as it had been itself, upon the heart of a sick girl?

The other seed had a long time to wait; but it did grow to be one of the loveliest roses ever seen. And at last it had the highest honor ever granted to a flower.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

NOTE.—The teacher should not fail to bring out the moral of this beautiful allegory.

35.—THE VICAR'S SERMON.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might :
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven ;
Trifles make the life of man :
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim,
Spotless truth and honor bright :
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says that any lie is white !
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
To himself he is a sneak.

Help the weak if you are strong ;
Love the old if you are young ;

Own a fault if you are wrong ;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
There's a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch.
That's the moral of the whole :
You can never love too much !
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun ;
Hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true ;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,

Gild a joy and heal a pain ;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

CHARLES MACKAY.

36.—A CLEVER TRICK.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in college, was one day walking with one of the professors. The teacher was often called the students' friend, he was so kind to the young men who were placed in his classes.

While they were walking together, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path. These they supposed belonged to a poor man who had now nearly finished a hard day's work in the field close by.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see what he will do when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," said the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense

of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a silver dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar.

Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his face; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, looked again and again; then he looked around him, but could see no one.

Now he put the money into his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar!

His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud his glad thanksgiving, in which he

spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children, without bread, whom this gift from some unknown hand would help so much.

The young man listened with tears in his eyes. We may be sure it taught him a useful lesson.

37.—LITTLE ROGER'S NIGHT IN CHURCH.

I.

The church door stood ajar, and Roger peeped in. The glow from the open door of the stove showed grandfather's figure, stooping to cover the fire with ashes for the night.

Roger slipped into a pew, and sat down till the work should be finished, and they ready to go. As he looked up, he saw all at once how beautiful the old church was.

To study the roof better, Roger thought he would lie flat on the cushion awhile and look straight up.

Somehow—it will happen, even when we are full of pleasure—his eyes shut. The first thing he knew he was rubbing them open again, only a minute afterward, as it seemed; but grandfather was gone.

There was the stove closed for the night, and the great door at the end of the aisle was shut. He jumped up in a fright and shook it hard. It was locked, and poor Roger was fastened in for the night.



He was only six years old. No wonder that at first he felt frightened and inclined to cry. But he was a brave lad, and the fright soon left him.

He began to think that he was not so badly off, after all. The church was warm, and the pew-cushion as soft as his bed.

So he went back to the pew, and tried to go to sleep again. He kept himself quiet for a moment, then some little noise would come, and his heart would beat and his eyes be wide open in a minute.

It was a coal dropping from the fire, or a slight crack on the frosty panes. Once a little mouse crept out, nibbled a moment at a leaf on the carpet, and then crept back again. No other living thing disturbed the quiet.

He had heard the clock strike eleven a long time since, and was lying with eyes half shut, gazing at the red fire-grate, feeling at last a little drowsy.

All at once a strange rush seemed to come to him in the air, like a cool wind blowing through the church. In a minute he was wide awake and sitting upright, with ears strained to catch some sound afar off.

Little voices were speaking high in the air, outside the church,—very odd ones, like birds' notes, and yet the words were plain. He listened and listened, and made out at last that it was the owls in the tower talking together.

“Ah! you’ll see soon,” replied the first. “The elves are coming, the hateful Christmas elves. You’ll not get a wink of sleep to-night.”

“Why not? What will they do to us?” chirped the young ones.

“You’ll see,” hooted the old owl. “You’ll see. They’ll pull your tails, and tickle your feathers, and prick you with thorns. I know them, the tricky, troublesome things! I’ve been here many a long year. You were only hatched last summer. To-whoo, to-whoo!”

Just at this moment the church clock began to strike twelve. At the first clang the owls ceased to hoot. Roger listened to the deep notes, as they sounded one by one.

He knew the voice of the clock well, but it never before sounded so loud or so solemn: five,—six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten,—eleven,—twelve. It was Christmas Day.

“Hoo, hoo, why don’t you lie still there?” said one.

“Whit-whoo-whit,” said the other, “I can’t. I know what is coming too well for that.”

“What is coming?—what, what?” said two voices together.

38.—LITTLE ROGER'S NIGHT IN CHURCH.

II.

As the last echo died away, a new sound took its place. From afar off came the babble of tiny voices drawing nearer.

Anything so gay and charming was never dreamed of before,—half a laugh, half a song, like bells on a frolic. Above the old tower the sounds increased: a long, distressed cry came from the owl, and a bubbling laugh floated in on the wind.

Roger flew to the window, and tried to stretch his neck in such a way as to catch what was going on above. Just then the church bells began to ring all together, a chime, a Christmas chime, only the sounds were small, as if baby hands had laid hold on the ropes.

The notes were so merry and so lovely that Roger felt he must get nearer. Almost before he knew it he was climbing the dark belfry stairs as fast as his feet could carry him. He never thought of fear or darkness, only of the elfin bells which were pealing overhead.

Up, up, through the long slits in the tower the moon could be seen sailing in the cold, clear blue. Higher, higher,—at last he gained the belfry. There hung the four great bells, but nobody was pulling at their heavy ropes.

On each iron tongue was perched a fay ; on the chains were others, all keeping time by the swaying of their bodies as they swung to and fro.

Through the windows the crowd of floating fays could be seen whirling about in the moonlight. They floated in and out of the tower, they mounted the great bells and sat atop in swarms, they chased and pushed each other, playing all sorts of pranks.

Below, others were attacking the owls' nests. Roger could hear their hoots and grunts and the gleeful laughter of the elves.

The moon made the tower light as noon. All the time the elves sang or talked,—which, he could not tell. There were words, but all so blent with laughs and trills that it was nothing less than music.

Once Roger watched an elf trying to mount the clapper, and whenever he neared

the top a comrade pushed him off again. Then the elf pouted, and, flying away, he returned with a holly-leaf.

Small as it was, it curled over his head like a huge umbrella. With the point he slyly pricked the elf above, and he lost his hold and came tumbling down, while the other danced for glee and clapped his hands.

Pretty soon, however, all was made up again,—they kissed and were friends. Roger saw them perched opposite each other, and moving to and fro like children in a swing.

How long the pretty sight lasted he could not tell. All at once there came a strain of music in the air, solemn, and sweeter than ever mortal heard before.

In a moment the elves left their sports; they clustered like bees together in the window. Then they flew from the tower in one sparkling drift, and were gone, leaving Roger alone, and the owls hooting below in the ivy.

And then he felt afraid,—which he had not been as long as the fays were there. Down he ran in a fright over the stone steps, and entered the church again.

The red glow of the fire was grateful to

him, for he was shivering with cold and excitement. Hardly had he reached his old seat when, lo! a great marvel came to pass.

39.—LITTLE ROGER'S NIGHT IN CHURCH.

III.

The wide window over the altar swung open, and a train of angels floated through,—Christmas angels, with faces of calm, glorious beauty, and robes as white as snow.

Over the altar they hovered, and a wonderful song rose and filled the church. No bird's strain was ever half so sweet.

The words were few, but again and again they came: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men!"

Roger knew the words, but I think he never forgot the beautiful meaning they seemed to bear as the angels sang them over and over. It was so wondrous sweet that he could not feel afraid. He could only gaze and gaze, and hold his breath lest he should lose a note.

The white-robed choir parted and floated like soft summer clouds to and fro in the church. They touched the Christmas green as they passed. They hung over the organ and brushed the keys with their wings.

A long time they clustered above the benches of the poor, as if to leave a fragrance in the air ; and then they rested before a tablet which bore the name of the rector's eldest son.

Roger had been told of this brave lad, and how he had lost his life in plunging from his ship to save a drowning child. Now the angel-song seemed sweeter than ever, as over and over again they chanted, "Good-will to men—good-will to men."

At last one of the white-winged ones left the others, and hovered above the Squire's pew. A prayer-book lay open on the rail, and over this the fair angel bent. A girl had sat there once,—the Squire's only daughter.

Roger remembered well when, only a twelvemonth ago, the lovely child had been buried from their sight. The glorious face above him seemed to have the same look, only so beautiful that he closed his eyes to

shut out the vision and the light that shone from the white wings.

He opened them again as a gentle rustling filled the air. He saw the bending figure stoop, leave a kiss or a blessing on the pages of the open book, and then glide away with the others.

Noiseless as a cloud, the snowy train floated to the window. For a moment their figures could be seen against the sky, then the song died away. They were gone, and Roger saw them no more.

The villagers that morning exclaimed that at no time had their old church, in its Christmas dress, looked so beautiful. The organ sent forth a rarer, sweeter music than fingers had ever drawn from it.

The poor mother, kneeling in her lonely pew, and missing her darling from beside her, felt a strange peace and patience enter her heart. She came away calmed and blessed. Still, no one believed Roger's story.

"Roger had dreamed it all," they said; and perhaps he had,—only the owls knew.

40.—CHRISTIE.

I.

Christie trudged down the street very slowly. When he reached Dr. Beach's house, he opened the gate without making any noise. The lights were out, and the family were gone to bed.

His courage gave way entirely. He dared not ring the bell. So he stole off to a place on one side of the porch, where there were some tall evergreen trees, and a mound of leaves and snow underneath them.

He would sleep there, he thought. Perhaps in the morning he might be able to steal in at the back door, and nobody would find out that he had been away all night.

So he scooped a sort of burrow for himself underneath the leaves.

"I guess it will be morning soon," he thought: "I'm not very cold."

And he was not, except for a few shivering minutes just at first. After that a dreamy glow crept over him, and he dropped into a nap.

He woke up pretty soon with a start. Something tall and dark was leaning over him and talking. What was it?

“What a funny little creature!” said a voice which was thick and yet sharp and had a sort of rustle to it. “It isn’t a squirrel: what is it? and how did it come here?”

“It is a small black boy,” said another voice, as something taller and darker moved up and stood beside the first figure. “Poor little fellow, he has had no Christmas! That’s how he came to be here.”

Christie stared and rubbed his eyes. The moon had risen, and he could see the speakers, —the tallest evergreen of the group, and the little hemlock which grew by the gate. They were talking about him!

“No Christmas!” said the little hemlock. “How dreadful! Why, everybody has Christmas! He must have one. Is it too late? Can’t we do something about it?”

“Not too late, exactly,” replied the tall evergreen. “We might do something, perhaps. But is it really worth while? He is a very bad little boy, I assure you.”

“Oh, no matter if he is naughty!” cried

the hemlock; "he's little, and a boy, and he must have his Christmas somehow." And the hemlock gave a shiver.

"Very well," said the tall evergreen. Then he gave a call. It was more like a rustle than a shout, and more like a creak than either. But the trees seemed to understand, for at the sound all the evergreens in the yard came crowding together.

"What is it? what is it?" they asked.

"A small boy who has had no Christmas," explained the kindly little hemlock. "Join hands, brothers. We must give him as much of a one as we can before the clock strikes twelve."

41.—CHRISTIE.

II.

The evergreens joined hands and began to move about Christie in a circling dance. As they moved, they sang, and bent and bowed to each other gracefully.

When they stopped, the tallest evergreen addressed Christie, and said,—

"Pull off your stocking."

So Christie pulled off his stocking.

“Hang it up,” said the little hemlock.

So Christie hung it up, on one of the tall evergreens.

“That’s right,” said the little hemlock.

“Now, my brothers, put in your presents.”

The trees formed a circle again, and, as they danced round, each in turn dropped something into the stocking. Christie couldn’t see what half the things were, but they all seemed to be beautiful.

The spruce-tree gave a bit of spruce sugar; the arbor vitæ, a smelling-bottle; the holly, a pocket pin-cushion. A pine cut off a lock of her hair and tucked it in among the gifts. Last of all, the little hemlock held up a great diamond, which glittered in the moonlight.

“Here you are! This is something splendid!” said the hemlock.

Then the trees danced on again, all crying in chorus, “Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!”

“Merry Ch——” Christie tried to say in return. But his voice seemed to stick in his throat. He could not speak. And what

did it mean that all at once the trees fell upon him and began to shake him violently? Were they angry?

He opened his eyes. It was not the evergreens which were shaking him, but Dr. Beach. Where had out-doors gone to? There he was, lying on the parlor sofa, and Miss Alice was standing by, with a candle in her hand.

“Poor little soul! he’s coming to himself,” she said.

“Yes,” said Dr. Beach, “but an hour later it wouldn’t have been easy to bring him round again. I doubt if we could have done it.”

“Really!” cried Miss Alice, turning pale. “How fortunate that we went out to look! I could not sleep without a search for the poor child. Oh, Christie! how could you stay out so late?”

“I want my stocking! Somebody has taken away my stocking!” said Christie, beginning to cry; but Dr. Beach said, “Hush!”

Pretty soon Miss Alice held a glass to his lips with something nice and hot in it; after

drinking which he went to sleep again, and knew nothing more till he found himself in bed the next morning.

It was no use trying to convince Christie what a narrow escape he had had from freezing to death, or that all his story about the evergreens was a dream. He knew it wasn't, he said.

One thing was certainly queer. When Rosa went out to sweep the steps, there was the stocking hanging on the evergreen! In the toe was a little drifted heap,—a tuft of pine hair, a bit of spruce gum, two or three prickly holly leaves, dry and brown, a sprig of *arbor vitæ*, a broken icicle.

"Blown in by the wind," said Miss Alice; but Christie shook his head.

"Somebody has changed them," he said.
"They were real pretty last night."

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully drest."

42.—MERRY CHRISTMAS.

In the hush of early morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a fitful rustling
Just without upon the stair,
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good will?
What sweet spells are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view:
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,

In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise,—
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome,—
“Merry Christmas, every one!”

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

43.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

I.

One winter night, when all the plain was white with moonlight, there was seen crossing it a great tall black horse.

Its rider was a man also big and black. He carried before him on the saddle a woman and a child.

She was to live in a lonely tower with the child. That she might take the utmost care of him, she was allowed to live as long as he lived—no longer.

He was a gentle little boy, with a sweet, sleepy smile. He had been very tired with his long journey.

He held tightly to the man's neck, and the face, black as it was, looked kindly at him.

He was very helpless, with his poor little legs, which could neither stand nor run away.

The forlorn boy was Prince Dolor. He was sent away from his home under charge of these two, the woman and the black man. The latter was deaf and dumb, so could neither tell nor repeat anything.

When they reached the tower, there was light enough to see a huge chain. It hung half-way down the side.

The deaf-mute lifted a sort of ladder to meet the chain. Then he mounted to the top of the tower, and slung from it a chair.

In this the woman and child placed themselves and were drawn up. They were never to come down again as long as they lived.

Leaving them there, the man descended the ladder, took it to pieces, and packed it in his pack. Then he rode away across the plain.

Every month they used to watch for the black horse and its rider. He fastened the horse to the foot of the tower, and climbed it, as before. He brought provisions, books, toys, and many other things.

He always saw the Prince, so as to make sure that the child was alive and well. Then he went away until the following month.

While his first childhood lasted, Prince Dolor was happy enough. There was nobody to tease him or ill-use him, and he was never ill.

He played about from room to room: there were four rooms,—parlor, kitchen, his nurse's bedroom, and his own.

He learned to crawl like a fly, and to jump like a frog, and to run about on all-fours almost as fast as a puppy.

As he grew older, he liked to be quiet for a while. He would sit at the windows and watch the sky above and the ground below.

He saw the storms sweeping over, and the sunshine coming and going, and the shadows of the clouds running races across the plain.

44.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

II.

By and by he began to learn lessons. His nurse had not been told to teach him, but she did it partly to amuse herself.

She was not a stupid woman, and Prince Dolor was by no means a stupid boy. His cry, "What can I do? what can you find for me to do?" was now stopped, at least for an hour or two in the day.

From this time a change came over the boy. He began to look sad and thin, and to shut himself up for hours without speaking.

His nurse had been forbidden to tell him who he was, or what he might have been. He had no idea of anything in the world, except what he found in books.

He used to think, if he could only fly out of the window, up to the sky or down to the plain, how nice it would be!

His nurse had once told him in anger that he would never leave the tower till he died. Perhaps then he might be able to do this.

"I wish I had somebody to tell me all about it," he said,—“a real live person, who

would be fond of me and kind to me. Oh, I want somebody, dreadfully!"

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as of a stick or a cane. Twisting himself round, he saw—what do you think he saw?



A little woman, no bigger than he might have been had his legs grown like those of other children. But she was not a child; she was an old woman.

Her hair was gray, and her dress was gray. There was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved.

She dropped her cane and laid two tiny hands on his shoulders.

“My dear little boy, I could not come to you until you had said you wanted me. Now you do want me, here I am.”

“You are very welcome,” replied the Prince, trying to speak politely, as princes always do in books.

“May I ask who you are? Perhaps my mother?” He knew that little boys usually had a mother, and had wondered what had become of his own.

“No,” said the visitor, “I am not your mother, though she was a dear friend of mine. You are as like her as ever you can be.”

“Will you tell her to come and see me, then?”

“She cannot; but I dare say she knows all about you. She loves you very much; and so do I. I want to help you all I can, my poor little boy.”

“Why do you call me poor?” asked Prince Dolor, in surprise.

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AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 10.

45.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

III.

The little old woman glanced down on his legs and feet. He did not know they were different from those of other children. Then she looked at his sweet, bright face. It was very different from many children's faces, which are often fretful and cross.

"I beg your pardon, my Prince," said she.

"Yes, I am a prince, and my name is Dolor. Will you tell me yours?"

The little old woman laughed like a chime of silver bells.

"I have so many names that I don't know which to choose. However, I gave you yours, and you will belong to me all your days. I am your godmother."

"Hurrah!" cried the little Prince. "I am glad I belong to you, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me?"

So they sat down and played together. By and by they began to talk.

"Are you very dull here?" asked the little old woman.

"No, godmother. I have plenty to eat

and drink, and my lessons to do, and my books to read,—lots of books.”

“And you want nothing?”

“Nothing. Yes—perhaps—if you please, godmother, could you bring me just one more thing?”

“What sort of a thing?”

“A little boy to play with.”

The little old woman looked very sad. “Just the thing which I cannot give you. My child, I cannot alter your lot in any way, but I can help you to bear it.”

“Thank you. But why do you talk of bearing it? I have nothing to bear.”

“My poor little man!” said the old woman. And she took him in her arms and kissed him many times.

By and by the child kissed her back again.

“Promise me that you will never go away,” he implored.

“I must,” replied she; “but I will leave a present behind me,—something as good as myself to amuse you. It will take you wherever you want to go.”

“What is it?”

“A travelling-cloak.”

The Prince's countenance fell. “I don't want a cloak, for I never go out. I can't walk, you know.”

“The more reason why you should ride. Here is the cloak. Spread it out on the floor, and wait till the edges turn up all round like a rim.

“Then go and open the skylight. Set yourself on the middle of the cloak, like a frog on a water-lily leaf, and say, ‘Abracadabra, dum dum dum.’ When you want to come back again, say, ‘Abracadabra, tum tum ti.’

“That's all. Good-by.”

46.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

IV.

And what of the travelling-cloak? What good did it do the Prince?

When he had untied all the knots, the cloak began to undo itself. It laid itself down on the carpet, as flat as if it had been ironed.

The rim turned up all round. It had become large enough for one person to sit in it, as if in a boat.

With one of his active leaps, the Prince sprang right into the middle of the cloak. He wrapped his arms round his knees, for they shook a little, and his heart beat fast. There he sat, waiting for what might happen next.

The cloak rose slowly and steadily, at first only a few inches, then higher and higher, till it nearly touched the skylight. Prince Dolor's head bumped against the glass, or would have done so had he not cried out, "Oh, please don't hurt me!"

Then he remembered his godmother's command, "Open the skylight!"

He lifted up his head and began searching for the bolt, the cloak remaining perfectly still. The minute the window was opened, out it sailed, right out into the clear, fresh air.

"I wonder," he thought, "whether I could see better through a pair of glasses like those nurse reads with. I would take care of them, if I only had a pair." Imme-

diately he felt something hard fixing itself to the bridge of his nose. It was a pair of the prettiest gold spectacles ever seen.

Looking downward, he found that he could see every blade of grass, every tiny bud and flower,—even the insects that walked over them.



Just to rest his eyes, he turned them up to the sky. A long, black, wavy line moved on in the distance, as if it were alive.

He looked at it through his spectacles. It proved to be a long string of birds, flying one after the other.

“They must be the passage-birds flying seaward,” cried the boy. “How I should like to see them quite close, and to know where they come from, and whither they are going!”

47.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

V.

The cloak gave a sudden bound forward. Presently he found himself in the very middle of that band of travellers.

“Oh, I wish I were going with you!” he cried. “I’m getting tired of this dull plain and the lonely tower. I do so want to see the world. Pretty swallows, dear swallows, tell me what it looks like,—the beautiful, wonderful world!”

The boy looked after them with envy. He followed with his eyes the faint, wavy line as it floated away, till it vanished out of sight.

Through his wonderful spectacles the Prince could see everything, but it was a silent picture. He was too high up to catch

anything except a faint murmur, which only made him want to hear more.

"I have as good as two pairs of eyes," he thought. "I wonder if my godmother would give me a second pair of ears."

Scarcely had he spoken when he found lying on his lap a little parcel all done up in silvery paper. It contained a pair of silver ears.

They fitted exactly over his own. He hardly felt them, except for the difference they made in his hearing.

There are sounds that we listen to daily and never notice. Prince Dolor, who had lived all his days in the dead silence of Hopeless Tower, now heard them for the first time. And, oh! if you had seen his face!

He listened, listened, as if he could never have done listening. And he looked and looked, as if he could not gaze enough.

"Godmother," he said, "all these creatures I like, but I should like better to see a creature like myself. Couldn't you show me just one little boy?"

There was a sigh behind him. The cloak remained so long motionless that he was

afraid his godmother was offended with him for asking too much.

Suddenly a shrill whistle startled him, even through his silver ears. Looking downward, he saw start up from behind a bush, something—

Neither a sheep nor a horse nor a cow—nothing upon four legs. This creature had only two; but they were long, straight, and strong.

It had an active body, and a curly head of black hair. It was a boy, a shepherd-boy, about the Prince's own age,—but, oh, so different!

48.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

VI.

“Might he come and play with me? I would drop down to the ground to him, or fetch him up to me here. How nice it would be if I only had a little boy to play with me!”

There were some things which his godmother either could not or would not give.

The cloak did not move, but hung high in the air.

The shepherd-boy took it for a large bird, and, shading his eyes, looked up at it. His dog began to jump upon him, barking with delight.

“Down, Snap, down!” the Prince heard him say. “Let’s warm ourselves by a race.”

They started off together, boy and dog, barking and shouting. It was hard to tell which made the most noise or ran the fastest.

Prince Dolor watched them for a while. Then the sweet, pale face grew paler, the lips began to quiver, and the eyes to fill.

“How nice it must be to run like that!” he said, softly. Never, no, never in this world would he be able to do the same.

Now he understood what his godmother meant when she gave him his travelling-cloak. He knew why he had heard that sigh when he had asked to see “just one little boy.”

“I think I had rather not look at him again,” said the poor little Prince.

He drew himself into the centre of his

cloak, and sat there with his arms wrapped round his feeble, useless legs.

He placed himself so that he could see nothing but the sky. He took off his silver ears, as well as his gold spectacles. What was the use of either, when he had no legs with which to walk or run?

Suddenly there rose from below a delicious sound. It was the song of a skylark, mounting higher and higher from the ground. At last it came close to Prince Dolor.

“Oh, you beautiful, beautiful bird!” cried he. “I should dearly like to take you in. That is, if I could,—if I dared.”

49.—THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.

VII.

The little brown creature with its loud heavenly voice almost made him afraid.

But it also made him happy; and he watched and listened till he forgot everything in the world except the little lark.

He was wondering if it would soar out

of sight, when it closed its wings, as larks do when they mean to drop to the ground.

But, instead of dropping to the ground, it dropped right into the little boy's breast.

What a delight! To have something that nobody else had,—something all his own! Prince Dolor forgot his grief, and was entirely happy.

But when he got in sight of the tower, a painful thought struck him:

“My pretty bird, what am I to do with you? If I shut you up in my room,—you, a wild skylark of the air,—what will become of you? I am used to this, but you are not.

“Suppose my nurse should find you! She can't bear the sound of singing. I remember her once telling me that the nicest thing she ever ate in her life was lark pie!”

The little boy shivered all over at the thought. The merry lark broke into the loudest carol, as if he defied anybody to eat him. In another minute Prince Dolor had made up his mind:

“No, my bird, nothing so dreadful shall happen to you if I can help it. Fly away,

my darling, my beautiful! Good-by, my merry, merry bird."

Opening his hands, he let the lark go. Away it flew, far up into the blue sky.

Prince Dolor ate his supper and went quietly to bed. Suddenly he heard outside the window a faint little carol. It was faint, but cheerful, even though it was the middle of the night.

The dear little lark! it had not flown away after all. It kept hovering about the tower, in the silence and darkness of the night, outside the window or over the roof. Whenever he listened for a moment, he heard it singing still.

He went to sleep as happy as a king.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

LONGFELLOW.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 11.

50.—FAIRY FOLK.

The fairy books have told you
Of the fairy folk so nice,
That make their leather aprons
Of the ears of little mice,
And wear the leaves of roses
Like a cap upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle-down
Instead of feather beds.

These stories, too, have told you—
No doubt to your surprise—
That the fairies ride in coaches
Which are drawn by butterflies,—
That they come into your chambers
When you are locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams,
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls;
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy folk that ride
About the world at night

And give you rings and other things
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others
What you'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story-books were true.

ALICE CARY.

51.—THE NETTLE-GATHERER.

I.

Very early in the spring, when the fresh grass was just springing up, before the trees had got their leaves, a poor little girl with a basket on her arm went out to search for nettles.

Near the stone wall of a church-yard was a bright green spot, where grew a large bunch of nettles. The largest nettle stung little Karine's fingers. "Thank you for nothing!" said she; "but, whether you like it or not, you must all be put into my basket."

Little Karine blew on her smarting finger, and the wind followed suit. The sun shone out warm, and the larks began to sing. As Karine was standing there listening to the

song of the birds, and warming herself in the sun, she saw a beautiful butterfly.

The butterfly stretched out its dazzling wings, and, after it had settled on a nettle, waved itself backward and forward in the sunshine. There was something else upon the nettle, which looked like a shrivelled-up light-brown leaf.

The sun was just then shining down with great force upon the spot. And while Karine looked, the brown object moved, and two little leaves rose gently up, which by and by became two beautiful little wings; and, behold, it was a butterfly just come out of the chrysalis.*

The two butterflies must have been friends whom some unlucky chance had separated. They flew about, played at hide-and-seek, danced with each other, and seemed to be greatly enjoying the bright sunshine.

One flew away three times into a neighboring orchard. The other seated itself on a nettle to rest. Karine went gently towards

* Chrysalis—a form into which the caterpillar, or larva of butterflies and some other insects, passes, and from which the perfect insect, after a while, comes out.

it, put her hands quickly over it, and got possession both of the butterfly and of the nettle. She put them into the basket and went home happy.

The nettles were bought by an old countess who had a weakness for nettle soup. Karine received a silver piece for them.

With this in her hand, the butterfly in her basket, and also two large ginger-cakes, which had been given to her by the countess, the happy girl went into the room where her mother and little brother awaited her.

There were great rejoicings over the piece of silver, the ginger-cakes, and the butterfly.

But the butterfly did not appear as happy with the children as they were with the butterfly. It would not eat anything that they offered, but was always fluttering against the window-pane. Two days passed in this way. The butterfly would not be happy.

"It wants to get out," thought Karine; "it wants to find a home and something to eat." So she opened the window.

Ah, how joyfully the butterfly flew out into the open air! It flew over the churchyard which was near Karine's dwelling.

There little yellow star-like flowers of every description were in bloom. Into the cups of these little flowers it thrust its head, and sucked a sweet juice therefrom; for at the bottom of the cup of almost every flower there is a drop of sweet juice which God has provided for the food of insects.

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52.—THE NETTLE-GATHERER.

II.

The butterfly then flew to the bunch of nettles on the hill, where it drew honey from the white blossoms, and embraced the plant with its wings, as children do a tender mother.

“It has now returned to its home,” thought Karine, and she felt very glad to have given the butterfly its liberty.

One day she saw her old friend sit on a leaf, as if tired and worn out. When it flew away the child found a little gray egg lying on the very spot where it had rested. Then she made a mark on the nettle and on the leaf.

Karine gathered flowers, and then went into the hay-field to work; still, it often happened that she and her little brother went supperless to bed. But then their father played on the violin, and made them forget that they were hungry, and its tones lulled them to sleep.

One day, when Karine was passing by the nettles, she stopped, rejoiced to see them again. She saw that they were a little bent down, and, upon examination, found a number of small green caterpillars.

She saw that they covered the very spot where she had made a mark, and that the leaf was nearly eaten up. Karine immediately thought that they must be the butterfly's children. And so they were, for they had come from its eggs.

"Ah," thought Karine, "if my little brother and I, who sometimes can eat more than our father and mother can give us, could become butterflies, and find something to eat as easily as these do, would it not be pleasant?" She broke off the nettle on which the butterfly had laid its eggs, and carried it home.

On her arrival there, she found all the little

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grubs had crawled away, with the exception of one, which was still eating and enjoying itself. Karine put the nettle into a glass of water, and every day a fresh leaf appeared.

The caterpillar quickly grew in size, and seemed to thrive. The child took great pleasure in it, and wondered within herself how large it would be at last, and when its wings would come.

One morning it appeared very quiet and sleepy, and would not eat. Every moment it became more weary, and seemed ill. "Oh," said Karine, "it is certainly going to die, and there will be no butterfly from it; what a pity!"

53.—THE NETTLE-GATHERER.

III.

The next morning Karine found with astonishment that the caterpillar had spun round itself a sort of web, in which it lay, no longer a living green grub, but a stiff brown chrysalis. She took it out of the cocoon; it was as if enclosed in a shell.

“It is dead,” said the child, “and is now lying in its coffin. But I will still keep it, for it has been so long with us.”

Karine then laid it on the earth in a little flower-pot which stood in the window, in which there was a balsam growing.

The long winter came, and much, very much snow. Karine and her little brother had to run barefooted through it all. The boy became paler and paler, and lay tired and weary, just like the grub of the caterpillar shortly before it became a chrysalis.

The snow melted, the April sun reappeared, but the little boy played out of doors no more. His sister went out again to gather nettles and anemones, but no longer with a merry heart.

When she came home, she would place the flowers on her little brother's sick-bed. And as time went on, one day he lay there stiff and cold, with eyes fast closed. He was dead. They laid him in the ground, and the priest threw three handfuls of earth over the coffin.

Karine's heart was so heavy that she did not heed the blessed words which were

spoken of the resurrection unto everlasting life. She only knew that she had no longer any little brother whom she could play with, and love, and be loved by in return.

She went into the meadows, gathered all the flowers and young leaves she could find, and strewed them on her brother's grave, and sat there weeping for many hours.

One day she took the pot with the balsam in it, and the chrysalis, and said, "I will plant the balsam on the grave, and bury the butterfly's grub with my dear little brother."

Poor Karine sobbed, and dried her eyes with the hand that was free. In the other lay the chrysalis, and the sun shone upon it.

There was a low crackling in the shell, and a violent motion within, and, behold! she saw a living insect crawl out. It threw off its shell as a man would throw off his cloak, and sat on Karine's hand, breathing, and at liberty.

In a short time the wings upon its back began to unfold. Karine looked on with beating heart. She saw the wings expand little by little, until they were fully open and glistening in the brightness of the spring sun.

When, after an hour, it fluttered its wings to prepare for flight, and flew around the child's head and among the flowers, an unspeakably joyful feeling came over Karine, and she said, "The shell of the chrysalis has burst, and the caterpillar within has got wings; in like manner is my little brother freed from his mortal body, and has become an angel in the presence of God."

Karine wept no more. When she again went to visit the nettles, and saw the little caterpillars crawling on the leaves, she said in a low voice, "You only crawl now, you little things. By and by you will have wings as well as I; and you know not how glorious it will be at the last."

54.—THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go:
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,—

Oh, how the wind does blow !

It stings the toes

And bites the nose,

As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,

To have a first-rate play.

Hear the bells ring,

“Ting-a-ling-ding !”

Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day !

Over the river and through the wood,

Trot fast, my dapple-gray !

Spring over the ground

Like a hunting-hound !

For this is Thanksgiving Day !

Over the river and through the wood,

And straight through the barn-yard gate :

We seem to go

Extremely slow,—

It is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the wood,—

Now grandmother's cap I spy !

Hurrah for the fun !

Is the pudding done ?

Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie !

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

55.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

I.

This is a true story of how four boys in a small fishing village in the North of Scotland learned the great lesson of self-help.

The four boys were Robert MacNicol, an active, stout, black-eyed lad, his two younger brothers, Duncan and Nicol, and his cousin, Neil MacNicol.

It was a sad evening for Rob MacNicol when the body of his father, who had been drowned, was brought home.

It was his first introduction to the cruel facts of life. And, amid his sorrow, Rob was aware that on himself now rested the care of his two brothers and his cousin.

He sat up late that night, long after the others were asleep, thinking of what he should do.

After the funeral, the few people who were present went to their own homes, no doubt thinking that the MacNicol boys would be able to live as hitherto they had lived,—that is, anyhow.

But there was a kindly man, called Jamie-

son, who kept the grocery-shop, and he called Rob in as the boys passed on their way home.

"Rob," said he, "you must be doing something now. There's a cousin of mine who has a shop in Glasgow, and I could get you a place there."

"How much would he give me?"

"I think I could get him to give you four shillings a week. That would keep you very well."

"Keep me?" said Rob. "Yes, but what's to become of Duncan and Neil and Nicol?"

"They must shift for themselves," the grocer answered.

"That will not do," said Rob; and he left the shop.

He overtook his companions, and asked them to go along to some rocks overlooking the harbor. There they sat down.

"Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. We have just about as much left as will pay the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night-school. What we get for stripping the nets will not do now."

“It will not,” said Neil.

“Mr. Jamieson has offered me a place in Glasgow, but it is not very good, and I think we shall do better if we keep together. Neil,” said he, “if we had only a net, do you not think we could trawl* for cuddies?† And do you not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying at the shed?”

After a short pause, “Do you think,” asked he, “that Peter, the tailor, would let us have his old boat for a shilling a week?”

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this plan. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only by Neil, but also by the brothers Duncan and Nicol.

It was decided, under Rob’s direction, to set to work at once.

So Rob bade his brothers and cousin get their fishing-rods and go to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon.

Meanwhile, he himself went along to the shed which was used as a sort of storage-

* Trawl—to take fish with a trawl-net.

† Cuddy—the pollock, a sort of codfish.

house by some of the fishermen. Here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside as worthless.

Rob formed the plan of rigging up a couple of guy-poles* (as the salmon-fishers call them), one for each end of the small seine† he had in view. These guy-poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net upright while it was being dragged through the water.

All this took up the best part of the afternoon. Then he walked along to the point where the other MacNicol's were busy fishing.

56.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

II.

They had been lucky with their lines and bait. On the rocks beside them lay two or three small codfish, a large flounder, and nearly a dozen small fishes. Rob washed them clean, put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village.

* Guy-poles—rods to steady the net.

† Seine—a large net for catching fish.

He felt no shame in trying to sell fish : was it not the whole trade of the village ? He walked into the grocer's shop.

"Will you buy some fish ?" said he.
"They're fresh."

The grocer looked at them.

"What do you want ?"

"A ball of twine."

"Let me tell you this, Rob," said the grocer, severely : "that a lad in your place should be thinking of something else than flying a kite."

"I don't want to fly a kite," said Rob.
"I want to mend a net."

"Oh, that is quite different," said the grocer.

So he had his ball of twine ; and a very large one it was. Off he set to his companions.

Well, it took them several days of very hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine. Then Rob proceeded to his interview with Peter, the tailor.

Peter was a sour-faced, gray-headed old man, who wore spectacles. He was sit-

ting cross-legged on his bench when Rob entered.

“Peter, will you lend me your boat?”

“I will not.”

“Why will you not lend me the boat?”

“Do I want it sunk, as you sunk that boat the other day? Go away with you. You’re an idle lot, you MacNicols. You’ll be drowned some day.”

“We want it for the fishing, Peter,” said Rob, who took no notice of the tailor’s ill temper. “I’ll give you a shilling a week for the loan of it.”

“A shilling a week!” said Peter, with a laugh. “A shilling a week! Where’s your shilling?”

“There,” said Rob, putting it plump down on the bench.

The tailor looked at the shilling, took it up, bit it, and put it in his pocket.

“Very well,” said he; “but, mind, if you sink my boat you’ll have three pounds to pay.”

Rob went back eager and joyous. At once the boat was closely examined by the lads: they tested the oars: they tested the

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thole-pins;* they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom. For that evening, when it grew more towards dusk, they would make their first cast with their net.

Yes; and that evening, when it had quite turned to dusk, the people of the village were startled with a new outcry. It was Neil MacNicol, standing in front of the cottages, and boldly calling forth,—

“Is there any one wanting cuddies? There are cuddies to be sold at the West Slip for sixpence a hundred!”

Soon there was not a single cuddy left.

“What do you make it altogether?” said Neil to Rob, who was counting the money.

“Three shillings and ninepence.”

“Three shillings and ninepence! That’s a lot! Shall you put it in the savings-bank?”

“Nσ,” said Rob. “I’m not satisfied with the net, Neil. We must have better ropes all the way round; and sinkers, too; and whatever money we can spare we must spend on the net.”

One afternoon, some ten days afterwards,

* Thole-pins—pins used as rowlocks.

the boys set out as usual. They had earned more than enough to pay their landlady, the tailor, and the school-master; and everything beyond these expenses they had spent on the net.

57.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

III.

On this afternoon, Duncan and Nicol, being the two youngest, were, as usual, pulling away to one of the small, quiet bays, and Rob was idly looking around him, when he saw something on the surface of the sea at some distance off. It was what the fishermen call “broken water,”—produced by a shoal* of fish.

“Look, look, Neil!” he cried. “It is either mackerel or herring. Shall we try for them?”

The greatest excitement now prevailed on board. The younger brothers pulled their hardest to make for that rough patch on the water. Rob undid the rope from the guy-

* Shoal—a great multitude.

pole, and got the latter ready to drop overboard.

They came nearer and nearer to that strange hissing of the water. When they had come within a little distance from it, Rob quietly dropped the guy-pole over, paying out the net rapidly, so that it should not be dragged after the boat.

But the water had grown suddenly quiet. Had the fish dived and escaped them? There was not the motion of a fin anywhere; and yet the net seemed heavy to haul.

“Rob,” said Neil, almost in a whisper, “we’ve got them!”

“We haven’t got them,” was the reply, “but they’re in the net. I wonder if it’ll hold out?”

And then the wild excitement of hauling in; the difficulty of it; the danger of the fish escaping; the warning cries of Rob; the possibility of swamping the boat.

When that heaving, sparkling mass at last was captured, the young lads sat down quite exhausted, wet through, and happy.

“What do you think of that, Rob?” said Neil.

“What do I think?” said Rob. “I think that if we could get two or three more hauls like that, I would soon buy a share in Coll MacDougall’s boat, and go after the herring.”

They had no more thought that afternoon of cuddy-fishing, after this famous take. Rob and Neil rowed back to the village; then Rob left the boat at the slip, and walked up to the office of the fish-salesman.

“What will you give me for mackerel?” he said.

The salesman laughed at him, thinking he had caught a few with rods and flies.

“I’m not buying mackerel,” said he; “not by the half-dozen.”

“I have half a boat-load,” said Rob.

The salesman glanced towards the slip, and saw the tailor’s boat pretty low in the water.

“I’ll go down to the slip with you.”

So he and Rob together walked down to the slip, and the salesman had a look at the mackerel.

“Well, I will buy the mackerel from you,” he said. “I will give you half a crown the hundred for them.”

“Half a crown!” said Rob. “I will take three and sixpence the hundred for them.”

“I will not give it to you. But I will give you three shillings the hundred, and a good price, too.”

“Very well, then,” said Rob.

So the MacNicol's got altogether two pounds and eight shillings for that load of mackerel; the two pounds going into the savings-bank.

58.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

IV.

As time went on, with bad luck and with good, and by dint of hard and constant work, the sum in the savings-bank slowly increased, till at last they had saved enough to purchase a share in Coll MacDougall's boat. And a share in the boat was accordingly purchased.

A proud lad was Rob MacNicol the afternoon he came along to the wharf to take his place in the boat that was now partly

his own. Neil, Duncan, and Nicol watched him as he went forward to the bow, and took his place there at the oar.

Then the big herring-skiff passed out of the harbor in the red glow of the evening, and Rob had achieved the first great ambition of his life.

Rob learned all the lore of the fishermen, and at the end of the season he had more than replaced the twelve pounds he had used of the common fund.

Then he returned to the tailor's boat, and worked with his brothers and cousin.

The MacNicol boys had grown to be greatly respected in the village. The neighbors saw how Rob gradually improved the appearance of his brothers and cousin. All of them had boots and stockings now. Not only that, but they had white shirts and jackets of blue cloth, to go to church with on Sunday.

One day, as Rob was going along the main thoroughfare,* the banker called him into his office.

* Thoroughfare—street.

“Rob,” said he, “have you seen the skiff* at the building-yard?”

“Yes,” said Rob, for many a time he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft: “she’s a splendid boat.”

“Well, you see, Rob,” continued Mr. Bailie, with a good-natured look, “I had the boat built as a kind of speculation. Now, I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are good and careful seamen. Now, do you think you could manage that new boat?”

“I!” said Rob, with his eyes staring and his face aflame.

“I go by what the neighbors say, Rob. I think I could trust my property to you. What say you?”

Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was,—

“I am obliged to you, sir. Will you wait for a minute till I see Neil?”

And very soon the wild rumor ran through the village that no other than Rob Mac-

* Though the herring-skiffs are so called, they are comparatively large and powerful boats, and will stand a heavy sea.

Nicol had been appointed master of the new skiff the Mary of Argyle, and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as his crew.

Then came the afternoon on which they were to set out for the first time after the herring. All the village came out to see; and Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board and took his seat as stroke oar.

The afternoon was lovely; there was not a breath of wind; the setting sun shone over the bay; and the Mary of Argyle went away across the shining waters with the long, white oars dipping with the precision of clock-work.

Well, the MacNicol lads were now in a fair way of earning a living; and this sketch of how they had struggled into that position may fitly end here.

The last that the present writer heard of them was this,—that they had bought outright the Mary of Argyle and her nets, from the banker, and that they were building for themselves a small stone cottage on the slope of the hill above the village.

WILLIAM BLACK.

59.—I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember

The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember

Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember

The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky ;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No 12.



VOCABULARY.

These words are from the corresponding lessons of Part I. and Part II. They should be developed from the black-board before the lessons are read, and given in original sentences by the pupils. Difficult words are sometimes repeated.

PART I.

I.	III.	knocked	fam' i ly
star' ry	um brel' las	no' tice	cel' lar
spar' kle	ter' ri ble	build' ing	
fore' head	can' o pies		VIII.
smooth		VI.	weath' er
stroked	IV.	cas' tle	bur' dock
cor' nered	wreath	search	croaked
an' gels	nat' ure	stat' utes	creat' ure
cher' ubs	be gin' ning	sor' row ful	doubt
whence	fra' grance	daugh' ter	ex claimed'
	an noun' ces	prin' cess	trod' den
II.	at ten' tion	buz' zing	
pret' ti est	dan' de li ons	mar' ried	IX.
en joyed'	me mo' ri al	in vit' ed	hon' or
splashed	hedg' es		eel
fright' ened	sedg' es	VII.	smoothed
bot' tom		bed' quilt	com' fort a ble
rea' son	V.	sug' ar	fright' en ing
cer' tain ly	cot' tage	re' al ly	
for bid' ding	begged	snatch' ing	X.
de voured'	bus' i ly	gen' er al ly	ter' ri fied
o be' dient	swim' ming	cu' ri ous	hast' ened
hap' pi ly	swarm	piec' es	de cide'

fa' vor ite
vis' it or
be lieved'
o pin' ion
sen' si ble
i de' a
fan' cies

XI.

au' tumn
ap proached'
ra' di ant
daz' zling
ut' tered
coun' tries
warmth
flapped
im' age
de spised'
ug' li ness
a wait' ed

XII.

fur' nished
bur' den |
pa' tient ly
los' es
us' es

XIII.

hid' den
fought
con tin' ued
nest' ling
fierce

XIV.

chirp' ing
mop' ing
re marked'
im ag' ine
won' der ful
heav' ens
los' ing
mu' sic

XV.

quar' rel some
spot' ted
rum' pled
cer' tain ly
pit' y
moaned
nei' ther

XVI.

shocked
har' vest
clasped
hur rah'
ap pear'
pres' ent ly

XVII.

ought
in stead'
dif' fer ence
clawed
scowled
Mal tese'
frol' ic

XVIII.

cheat
chased
rolled
crouch
suc ceed'
re sist'
praised
swish' ing
seized
ex cit' ed
bat' ted
ad vice'

XIX.

be longed'
prop' er ly
Han' nah
kitch' en
troub' le
wis' est
ex pres' sion
anx' ious
ev' i dent
ca na' ry
con so la' tion

XX.

ill-tem' per
does' n't
ar riv' al
hur' ried
dis cov' ered
dis turbed'
pret' ti er

stepped
dain' ti ly
hand' som est
an' gri ly
con tin' ued

XXI.

slop' ing
nurs' er y
pas' sage
bea' ver
re' gions
trained
dig' gers
cous' ins
prai' rie
wood' chuck
bur' row ing
thief
stom' ach

XXII.

dew' y
eye' lids
lea

XXIII.

wea' ry
grass' y
sec' onds
neigh' bor
Stel' la
dis ap peared'
whis' pered
o beyed'

XXIV.	XXVIII.	XXXI.	en cour' aged com' rade
re peat' ed	per suade'	ex cept'	
twin' kling	at ten' tion	eight	
veil	twist	prop' er ty	XXXIV.
mil' lions	rhyme	strug' gle	bot' tles
bar' ren	cen' tre	peace' ful	read' i ly
fierce	ech' o	suf' fer ing	ca noe'
streamed	re peat' ed	wag' es	squaws
	pro vok' ing	sel' dom	wig' wam
	wrong		string' y
XXV.		XXXII.	ar' ti cle
as ton' ished		bea' con	bur' ies
weight	XXIX.	spir' its	
rea' son	ex pect'	de vours'	XXXV.
ex plore'	touch' y	con sumed'	de ter' mined
ter' ri ble	hum' bly	trav' el	re la' tions
gasped	health' y	wor' shipped	e lev' enth
fort' night	ob' sti nate	ac quaint' ed	twelfth
shiv' ered	un wil' ling ly	met' als	spin' dle
drea' ry	weight	sub' stan ces	de cree'
	heath' er	mould' ed	ap proached'
XXVI.	sol' id		a' mi a ble
swarth' y		XXXIII.	es pec' ial ly
ea' ger	XXX.	miss' ing	wom' en
wreck	gay' er	trap' per	stair' case
ves' sels	val' ley	ag' o ny	pig' eons
sway' ing	roamed	res' cue	in hab' i tants
cen' tu ries	foam' ing	ru' ins	flick' ered
	gran' ite	shov' els	
XXVII.	mer' cy	de liv' er ance	XXXVI.
ris' en	e lec tric' i ty	pris' on ers	pierced
crunch' ing	pow' er ful	bur' ied	a wak' ened
yel' low	ed u ca' tion	suf' fo cat ing	breath' ing
i' dle	beau' ti fy	gal' ler ies	wagged
tum' bled	dwarf	re lig' ious	dis ap peared'
hoot' ing	mes' sage		

fash' ions
cel' e brat ed
splen' dor

XXXVII.
slip' pers
hith' er to
car' riag es
pounced
flax' en
ex tend' ed
nice' ly
i' ron
ex pired'

XXXVIII.
rubbed
veil
chi' na
stuffed
sa' vor y
wad' dled
breast
su perb' ly
mer' chant
ta' pers
pict' ures
streak
dy' ing
shields

XXXIX.
chanced
sol' i ta ry
blith' er

wan' ton
dis perse'
wretch' ed
haw' thorn
main tain'
whis' tles

XL.
strength
in ten' tions
de cid' ed
in vi ta' tion
dis' mal
be com' ing
per form' ing

XLI.
en' tered
com' fort a ble
po si' tion
di rec' tions
ref' uge
mewed
un earth' ly
tre men' dous
hearth
glar' ing
stabbed
pos' si ble
scoun' dre

XLII.
preach' er
hol' i days
voy' age

stew' ard
ap' pe tite
sa loon'
dis pleased'
bag' gage
in' stant ly
con fused'
re lieve'

XLIII.
tick' et
of' fice
blanched
tim' id ly
sen' si ble
mem' o ry
ex pe' ri ence
prompt' ly
prom' ise
bless' es

XLIV.
sipped
for' est's
depths
cease' less ly
verd' ure
cor' al
treas' ured
wis' dom

XLV.
ur' chin
pur' ple
spines

sock' et
joint
mus' cles
suck' ers
pro tec' tion

XLVI.
shed' ding
man' sion
re grets'
guide
en joy' a ble
fa tigue'
lib' er ty
thirs' ty
pre' cious
de sire'
pres' ence

XLVII.
re lat' ing
ex act' ly
lan' guage
a void'
pro fane'
filth' y
pun' ished
be have'
bus' i ness
re spect' ed
pur suit'

XLVIII.
king' dom
pos sess'

gov' ern ing	L.	sat' is fied	LIII.
pas' sion	fa' mous	in spired'	crest
tempts	fra' grant	pan ta loons'	proud' er
mis leads'	rus' tling	jaunt' y	suc ces' sion
self' ish ness	drow' sy		yield
hon' est	dron' ing	LII.	flour' ish
way' ward	riv' u let	at trac' tive	en wreathes'
cast' eth	lul' la by	nov' el	heath
soothe	mor' al	con tent' ed	haunts
con' quer	al lure'	stum' bled	crim' son
		shoul' ders	mur' murs
		re sort'	
XLIX.	LI.	guests	LIV.
beach	prin' cess	sev' er al	dif' fi cult
depth	lil' ies	pad' dled	re quired'
plunge	He' brew	bur' den	act' u al ly
ob served'	bathed	stretched	er' rands
head' long	nurs' er y	praised	cen' ti pede
car' ried	pal' ace	med' al	ge' ni us
drowned	na' tion	I' da	po ta' toes
re coil'	cre a' tion	val' u a ble	cul' ti vate
grav' el	Gen' e sis	em ploys'	rai' sins
gal' lop ing	met' al	res' cue	chores
strug' gle	an' gel	per forms'	prob' a bly
es caped'	grazed	ad mires'	en tire' ly
nec' es sa ry	state' ment		

PART II.

I.	slip' per y	II.	anx i' e ty
rag' ged	lad' die	as sem' bled	tid' al
re' cent	paused	in firm'	neigh' bors
throng	gird' ed	dis cov' ered	for' tu nate ly
hail' ing	some' bod y's	ho ri' zon	in creased'
of' fered	group	im me' diately	tem' pest

un writ' ten	VI.	mer' ri ly	XIII.
pow' der	wailed	gob' lin's	in dus' tri ous
	suf' fer er	gra' cious	spin' dle
III.	ac' ci dent	squeaked	ter' ror
mo las' ses	in' jured	in vis' i ble	scold' ed
poured	ap peared'		vi' o lent
wire	brill' iant	X.	earn' est ly
sieve	at' mos phere	mis' er a ble	en' er gy
	gar' lands	disappo int' ed	dis cov' ered
IV.	un ex pect' ed	star va' tion	re ward'
planned	good' ies	emp' ty	
head' ache	treas' ures	meas' ure	XIV.
stu' pid	wea' ri ness	dis gust'	perched
pon' dered			crowed
mourned	VII.	XI.	wel' comed
ca' pa ble	res' o lute	Ed' in burgh	dis' tance
re mark' a bly	ti' ni est	plead' ed	of' fered
pre ferred'	pon' der ous	pos' si ble	ac cept' ed
wreathe	suf fice'	four' pence	la' zi ness
a dorned'	depths	knocked	
mil' lion aire		shav' ings	XV.
	VIII.	troub' ling	isl' and
V.	wed' ding	pierce	dis pute'
shab' by	which ev' er	friend' less	load' ed
pov' er ty	chip' munk		wretch' ed
lug' gage	spied	XII.	wan' der
veg' e ta bles	trav' el ler	mount	bruised
poul' try	pa' tience	glo' ry	cliffs
long' ing ly	di rect'	con' quers	des' o late
ad vent' ure		knowl' edge	Cru' soe
en gag' ing	IX.	delve	
tel' e graph	ge og' ra phy	di' a dems	XVI.
gin' ger bread	im pa' tient	vir' tue	man' age
shab' bi er	witch-ha' zel	ex' cel lence	com' fort
re ward' ed	whisk' ing	ce les' ti al	mis' chief

sulk' ing	de vot' ed	night' ingales	fur' ni ture
fierce' ly	ty' rant	moist' ure	puz' zled
rub' bish	gran' a ry	con' science	flues
shiv' ered	ac' ci dent	dis hon' or	hearth' -rug
com' fort a bly			a' prons
coughs	xx.	xxiv.	nailed
No vem' ber	blithe	trout	re la' tion
fa' vor ite	en gaged'	haw' thorn	mur' dered
jin' gled	in ter rupt' ed	ha' zel	sav' ag es
dor' mice	de lib' erately		re mem' brance
a' mi a ble	im pos' si ble	xxv.	
sleigh' ing	pa' tience	con trive'	xxviii.
sea' son	en cour' aged	rel' ish ing	ba' sins
gen' er ous	maj' es ty	dos' es	aston' ish ment
		crop' ping	cov' er let
xxvii.	xxi.	im por' tance	del' i cate
vol ca' no	vi' o lets	ket' tle	grin' ning
rum' bling	van' ished	sprin' kled	mir' ror
la' va	stud' ded	en tice'	sneak
earth' quake	re fresh' ment	gal' lop	fen' der
top' sy-tur' vy	ac' cents	Nor' way	pea' cock
emp' tied	a nem' o nes		de stroy'
rail' roads		xxvi.	
tugged	xxii.	nec' es sa ry	xxix.
	melt' ed	pre' cious	fa' mous
xxviii.	break' fast ed	con' sequence	knot' ty
hy' a cinths	fra' grant	illu mina' tion	cre at' ed
frowned	press' ure	torch' es	moist' ened
dan' de li ons	cous' ins	ham' mock	steeped
	pan' sies	de scends'	proc' es ses
xix.		cav' erns	va' ri ous
arrange' ments	xxiii.		re peat' ed
sat' is fied	heart's'-ease	xxvii.	com menc' ing
heir	gar' lands	Grimes	cler' gy man
un luck' y	A' bra ham	chim' neys	lin' en

scis' sors	al' co hol	xxxvi.	calm
mar' vel lous	poi' son	col' lege	glo' ri ous
	health' y	pro fes' sor	hov' ered'
xxx.	ex cess'	con ceal'	choir
com pelled'	un nat' u ral	la' bor er	fra' grance
knowl' edge	re frain'	pro ceed' ed	nec' tar's
ex ist' ence	ac' ids	ut' tered	chant' ed
prob' a ble	fer men ta' tion		Squire
nu' mer ous	stom' ach	xxxvii.	bur' ied
de rive'	or' di na ry	a jar'	
price' less	liq' uors	cush' ion	xl.
im ag' ine		fast' ened	trudged
cir' cu lat ed	xxxiv.	dis turbed'	cour' age
man' u script	wea' ri ness	drow' sy	bur' row
an' ces tor	be guile'	strained	Chris' tie
ex pe' ri ence	stead' i ly	trick' sy	hem' lock
in vis' i ble	in clined'		as sure'
	re sist' ed	xxxviii.	crowd' ing
xxxi.	bowed	ech' o	
Ca nute'	lone' li ness	in creased'	xli.
Den' mark	yield' ed	bel' fry	cir' cling
thith' er	peace	elf' in	spruce
court' iers	smiled	peal' ing	ar' bor
flat' ter ers	joy' ous ly	pull' ing	hol' ly
o beyed'		glee' ful	di' a mond
	xxxv.	clap' per	throat
xxxii.	tri' fles	pout' ed	vi' o lent ly
fra' grance	thor' ough	op' po site	con vince'
pow' dered	al' ters	nat' u ral	i' ci cle
col' um bine	at' oms	shiv' er ing	
ma' ry-buds	de ceive'	ex cite' ment	xlvi.
	be lieve'		rus' tling
xxxiii.	ker' nel	xxxix.	phan' toms
in ju' ri ous	soothe	al' tar	mes' sage
sim' i lar	yield' ing	float' ed	palms

thresh' old
chant' ing
mis' tle toe
sym' bols
in' no cent

XLIII.

for lorn'
de scend' ed
pro vis' ions
par' lor

XLIV.

dread' ful ly
big' ger
stu' pid
vis' it or

XLV.

par' don
coun' te nance
sky' light

XLVI.

un tied'
i' roned
stead' i ly
bumped
spec' ta cles
in' sects
sea' ward

XLVII.

en' vy
wa' vy

mur' mur
par' cel
of fend' ed
whis' tle
star' tled

XLVIII.

quiv' er
de li' cious

XLIX.

soar
en tire' ly
car' ol
de fied'
hov' er ing

L.

coun' ter panes

this' tle down
blest

LI.

net' tles
smart' ing
shriv' elled
chrys' a lis
sep' a rat ed
pos ses' sion
count' less
re ceived'
a wait' ed

re joic' ings
thrust
sucked

LII.

em braced'
vi o lin'
ex amina' tion
cat' er pillars
imme' diately

ar ri' val

ex cep' tion

LIII.

co coon'
bal' sam
en closed'
priest
resurrec' tion
strewed
ev er last' ing

LIV.

sleigh
drift' ed
dap' ple
straight
pump' kin
ex treme' ly

LV.

Scot' land
Dun' can
Neil
Mac Nic' ol
brought
in troduc' tion
fu' ner al
hith' er to

Ja' mie son

gro' cer y

Glas' gow

shil' lings

com pan' ions

har' bor

lodg' ings

trawl

tai' lor

de tails'

de cid' ed

di rec' tion

stor' age

con sid' er ing

guy'-poles

sal' mon

seine

dragged

LVI.

luck' y
floun' der
gills

se vere' ly

dif' fer ent

rigged

re sem' bling

in' ter view

pro ceed' ed

sour

spec' ta cles

thole' -pins

star' tled

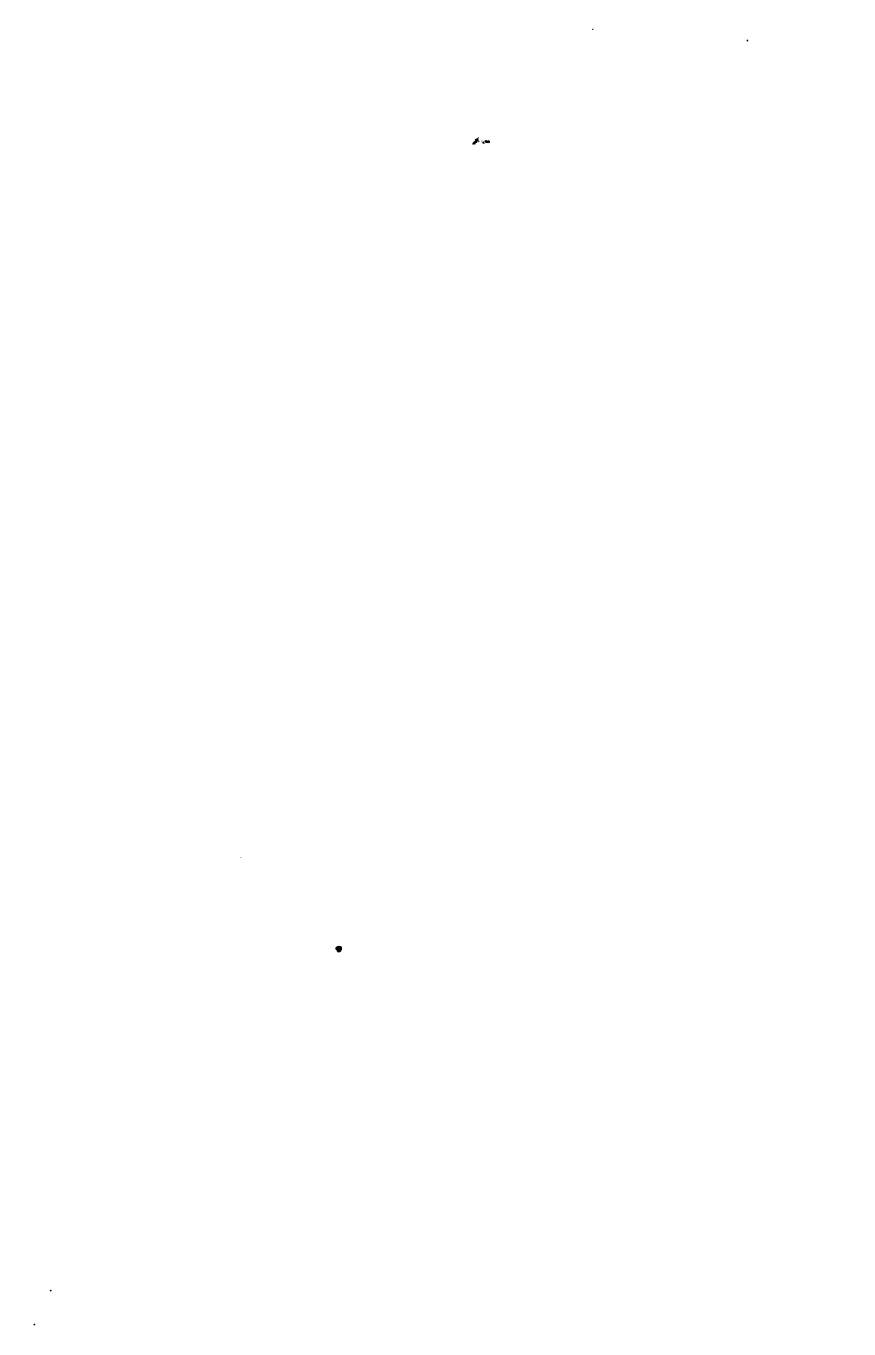
sat' is fied

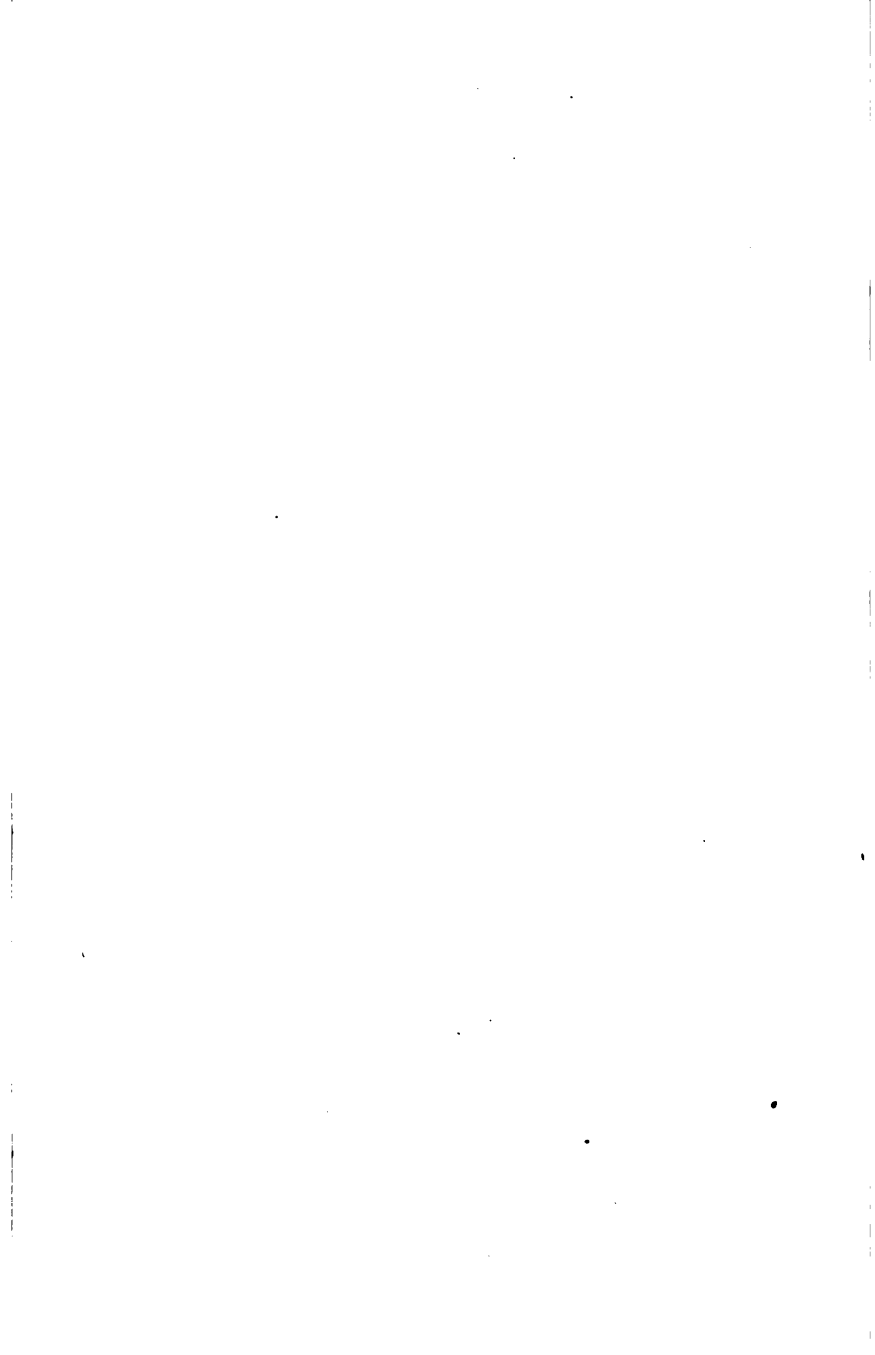
ex pens' es

LVII.	haul	re spect' ed	ru' mor
shoal	Mac Dou' gall	neigh' bor	Ar gyle'
her' ring	fa' mous	prop' er ty	pre cis' ion
mack' er el		grad' u al ly	strug' gled
ex cite' ment	LVIII.	ap pear' ance	
pos si bil' i ty	in creased'	im proved'	LIX.
pre vailed'	ac cord' ing ly	thor' ough fare	child' ish
hiss' ing	pur' chased	spec u la' tion	ig' no rance
cap' tured	a chieved'	be wil' dered	re mem' ber
ex haust' ed	am bi' tion	ap point' ed	breath'

CONTRACTIONS.

can't, cannot	is't, is it	that's, that is
couldn't, could not	I've, I have	there's, there is
didn't, did not	know'st, knowest	'tis, it is
doesn't, does not	let's, let us	'twas, it was
don't, do not	'mid, amid	'twere, it were
e'er, ever	'midst, amidst	we'd, we would
hadn't, had not	Mr., Mister	we'll, we will
he'd, he would	Mrs., Mistress	whate'er, whatever
here's, here is	need'st, needest	whene'er, whenever
he's, he is	ne'er, never	won't, will not
I'd, I would	o'er, over	you'll, you will
I'll, I will	she's, she is	you're, you are
I'm, I am	shouldn't, should not	you've, you have





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